

NOVEMBER

No. 16

10¢

SMASH COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



THE RAY



BOZO
THE ROBOT



WINGS
WENDALL



INVISIBLE
JUSTICE



FEATURING
ESPIONAGE
WITH
BLACK X



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PRIZES!

For You!

DAISY'S 1000 SHOT **RED RYDER** CARBINE

1000-shot repeater.
Sell one order.



Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches
Sell one order.



Fitted
Overnight Case.
Given for selling one order.



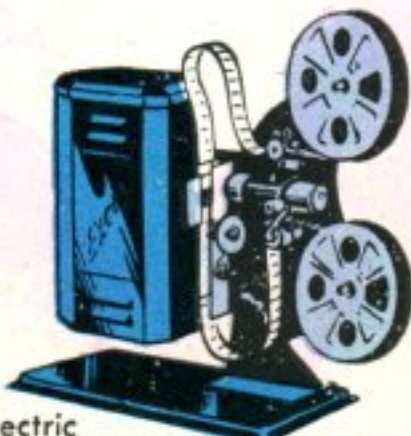
Sell one
order and get
your choice of
Eastman
Cameras.



5-pc. Train
outfit with track.
Sell one
order.



Yale
Football
Set. Given for
selling one order.



Electric
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10-pc. Toilet and Manicure Set.
Given for selling only one order.

GENE AUTRY HOLSTER SET

FREE
RING



Be a "two-gun" cowboy—
belt, two holsters, two
Gene Autry revolvers,
all given for selling
one order. Gene Autry Ring **FREE**.

BOYS! GIRLS! Here are swell prizes for You —
or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours
without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done
—get any prize here, or your choice from many
others in our Big Prize Sheet for selling only 40
Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains
96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors—a
bargain at 10c! When sold return the money and
choose your prize. It is sent **AT ONCE**.

Send coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big
Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose
from. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 604, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 604, Lancaster, Pa.
Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one
order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c
each, send you the money and get my prize.
My choice of prize is _____

Name _____
Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

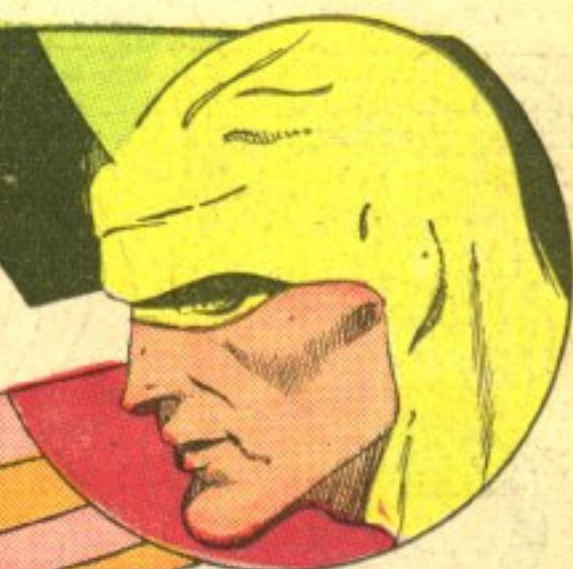
City _____

State _____

RAY

The

By E. Lectron



WHILE CLIMBING INTO UNKNOWN HEIGHTS IN A STRATOSPHERE BALLOON, A YOUNG RADIO ANNOUNCER IN SEARCH OF A NEWS STORY, IS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED BY LIGHTNING INTO THE POWERFUL COMBATANT OF CRIME, THE RAY...

BELA JAT, THE HINDU MYSTIC, HAS WAITED SEVEN YEARS IN JAIL FOR THE DAY OF HIS RELEASE...

YOU ARE FREE, BELA JAT, AND MY ADVICE IS, NOT TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE SUPER-NATURAL AT THE EXPENSE OF HUMAN LIFE!

THAT LIFE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN LOST IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE STUPID INTERFERENCE OF THE POLICE!

AS HE TURNS HOMEWARD THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, TWO STRANGE SHADOWS FOLLOW BELA JAT.

HELP!
POLICE!
ASSAULT!

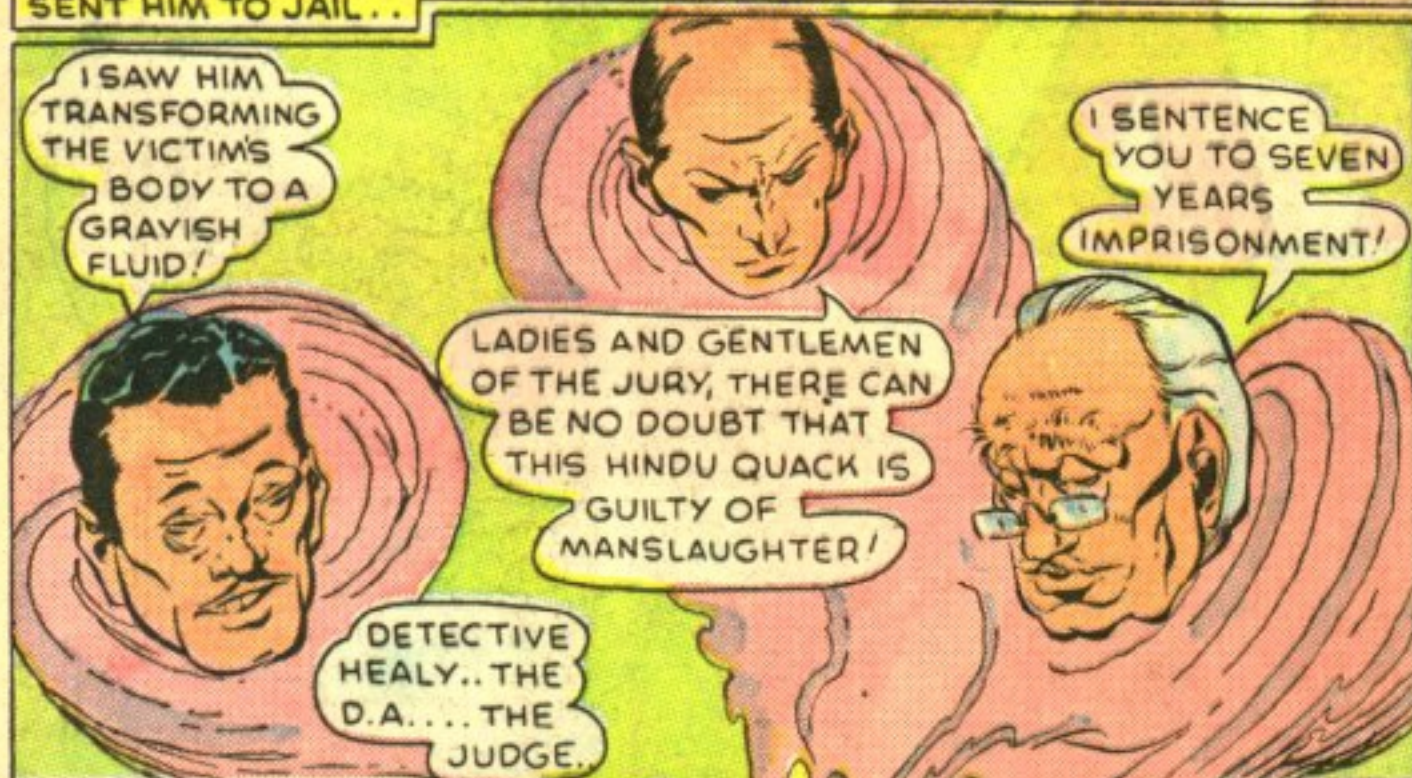
MASTER!
MASTER!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER US?

AND YOU SHALL BE A GREAT HELP TO ME... BOTH OF YOU!

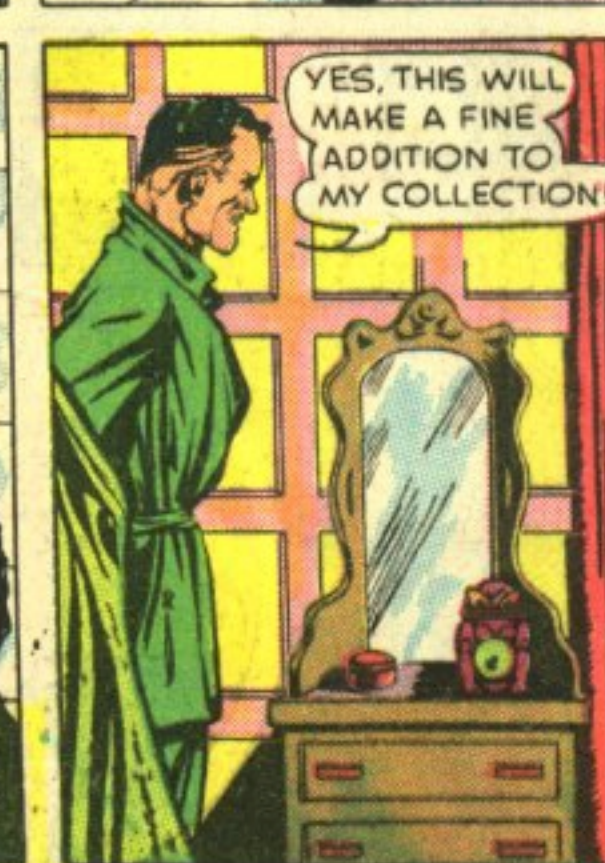
SHIMEGO AND GAR, MY FAITHFUL SERVANTS!!
FORGIVE ME... MY NERVES ARE UNSTRUNG... I HAVE SUCH IMPORTANT WORK TO THINK OF..



BELA JAT WORKS FEVERISHLY PREPARING HIS REVENGE ON THE MEN WHO SENT HIM TO JAIL...



SOON HIS WORK IS COMPLETE... A DIABOLICAL WOODEN IDOL...



THEN, FROM THE NEBULOUS LIQUID, THE FIGURE OF BELA JAT BEGINS TO TAKE FORM.



SILENTLY HE STALKS TOWARD THE SLEEPING MAN

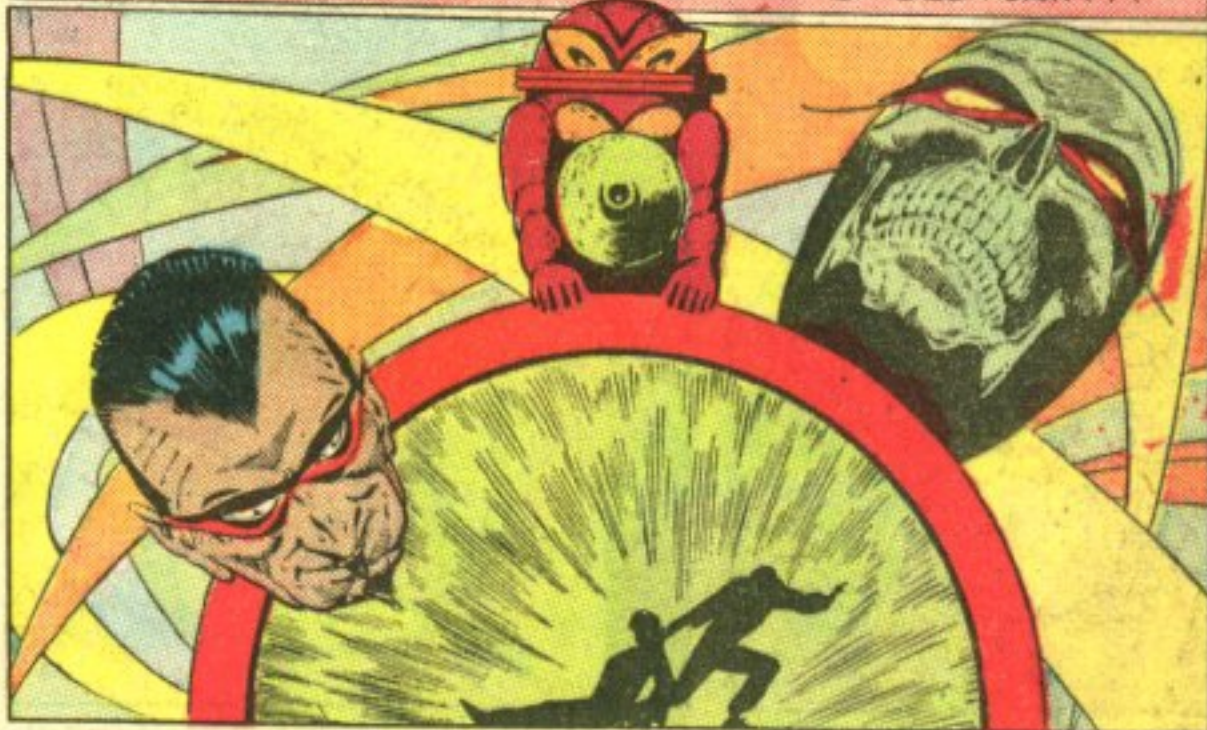


YOU PLAYED THE PROLOGUE TO THIS NIGHT WHEN YOU TRIUMPHANTLY BURST IN UPON MY EXPERIMENTS!

NOW YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR VICTORY! YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!



THE THREAT OF DEATH HOVERS ABOVE THE FIRST TWO MEN NOW KIDNAPPED BY THE VENGEFUL SPIRIT OF BELA JAT.



THE D.A. WILL BE NEXT!



THE NEXT NIGHT... THE MOON REVEALS A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARING ON A ROOFTOP AT THE WATERFRONT. **THE RAY!**



IN HIS CABIN, THE JUDGE PUZZLES OVER AN OMINOUS LITTLE FIGURE...



JUDGE HARDWELL'S YACHT AT ANCHOR!

I WONDER IF I'LL EVER LEARN WHO SENT THIS TO ME?



AS THE HINDU'S MIND ENTERS THE ECTO-FLUID, ANOTHER POWERFUL FORCE BREAKS INTO THE ROOM.



THE RAY!



YOU CANNOT STOP ME NOW!



MY ANCIENT MAGIC WILL OUTWIT YOU!



THE JUDGE SLEEPS ON, UNAWARE OF DANGER. . OBLIVIOUS TO THE BATTLE OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS THAT BATTLE IN HIS CABIN . .



LIKE A STEEL COIL, THE RAY UNLEASHES HIS TERRIFIC STRENGTH.

THE HINDU FALLS BACK UNDER THE RAINING BLOWS.



ENOUGH, BELA JAT?



FOR ANSWER, THE FIGURE OF BELA JAT SLOWLY VANISHES BEFORE THE RAY'S ASTONISHED EYES.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE RAY
IS ALONE...



SO I WAS FIGHTING
A MERE SHADOW!
THEN THE REAL
BELA JAT
IS STILL
TO BE FOUND!



MEAN-
WHILE,
AT
A
RIVER-
FRONT
HOUSE.



THE JUDGE CAN
WAIT... I MUST CARRY
OUT MY PLAN
BEFORE THE RAY
CAN INTERFERE
AGAIN!



I HAVE
PREPARED AN
EXQUISITE
ORIENTAL
DEATH
FOR ALL
OF YOU!



WELL, MY FRIENDS,
YOU DO NOT LOOK
SO SMUG AS WHEN WE
MET, SEVEN
YEARS AGO!



YOU MISS THE
REASSURING
PRESENCE OF THE
JUDGE PERHAPS,
BUT HE WILL
SOON BE WITH
YOU!



YOUR CHAINS
ARE SECURE!



IF THE CELL-LIKE
ATMOSPHERE DEPRESSES
YOU... REMEMBER, YOU
WILL NOT BE HERE
AS LONG AS I WAS
HELD IN PRISON..
GOODBYE!



COMMISSIONER,
WE'RE DOOMED!
THE WATER IS
SEEPING IN...
WE'LL BE
DROWNED!



THE CHILLY WATER
RISES SWIFTLY..

THE CHAINS
ARE TOO
STRONG...WE
CAN'T
ESCAPE!



AH! HOW THEY ARE
SUFFERING! THEIR
FACES CONTORTED
WITH FEAR!
HEH HEH!



THROUGH HIS CRYSTAL, BELA
JAT GAZES AT THE DIMLY LIT
SCENE WITH SUPREME
SATISFACTION.



BUT SUDDENLY ON A BEAM OF
LIGHT... THE RAY ENTERS THE
DEATH CELL...



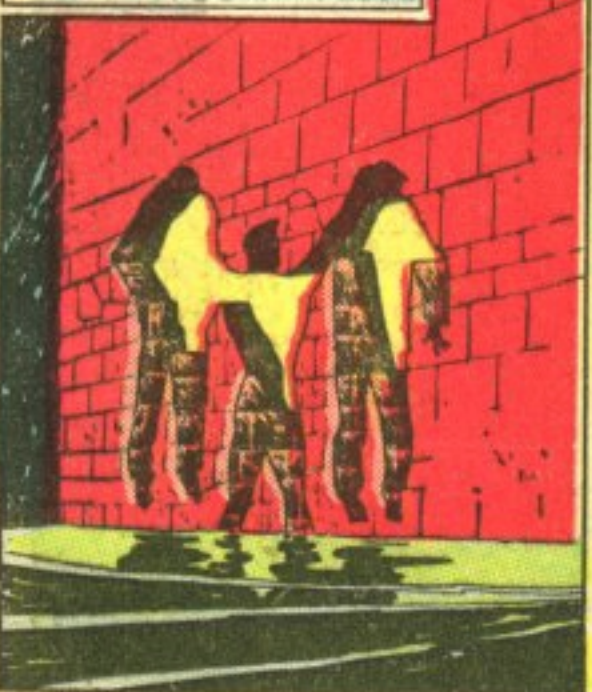
THE RAY, GENTLEMEN!
LIKE YOURSELVES,
AN ENEMY
OF CRIME!



I'VE COME TO
FREE YOU! HOLD
STILL WHILE
I UNFASTEN
YOUR CHAINS!



EXIT THE RAY WITH THE TWO
STARTLED MEN. THROUGH
THE SOLID WALLS OF
THEIR PRISON.....



WE..WE'RE
FREE!
REMARKABLE!

MIRACULOUS!
I CAN
HARDLY
BELIEVE
IT!



NOW THAT YOU ARE
SAFE, I'LL DISPENSE
WITH OUR HINDU
FRIEND!



BELA JAT SCREAMS AT HIS CRYSTAL.

THEY ARE GONE, BUT HOW? YOU LIE!

THE CRYSTAL GLOWS WITH A WEIRD LIGHT.

AND FROM ITS CURVED SURFACE SPRINGS THE RAY.

HE DIVES UPON THE STUNNED HINDU.

YOUR ANCIENT MAGIC WON'T HELP YOU NOW!

AS BELA FALLS UNCONSCIOUS, THE GIANT AND THE DWARF RUSH TO HIS AID.

HUH?!

WHO DARES TO HARM OUR MASTER!

THE RAY, MY MISMATCHED PAIR! DO YOU OBJECT?

HE DUCKS A GIGANTIC FIST.

OH.. I SEE YOU DO!

UMPH!

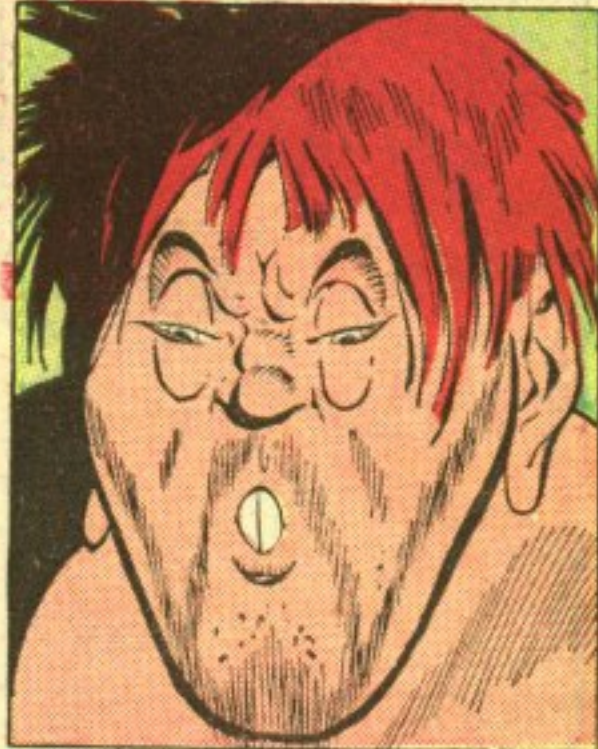
LIKE A WHIRLING BULLET, THE DWARF SHOOTS INTO THE RAY.



PICKING HIM OFF LIKE AN ANNOYING BURR, THE RAY FLICKS HIM ASIDE . . .



SHIMEGO GLARES AS THE RAY'S BACK IS TURNED, AND . . .



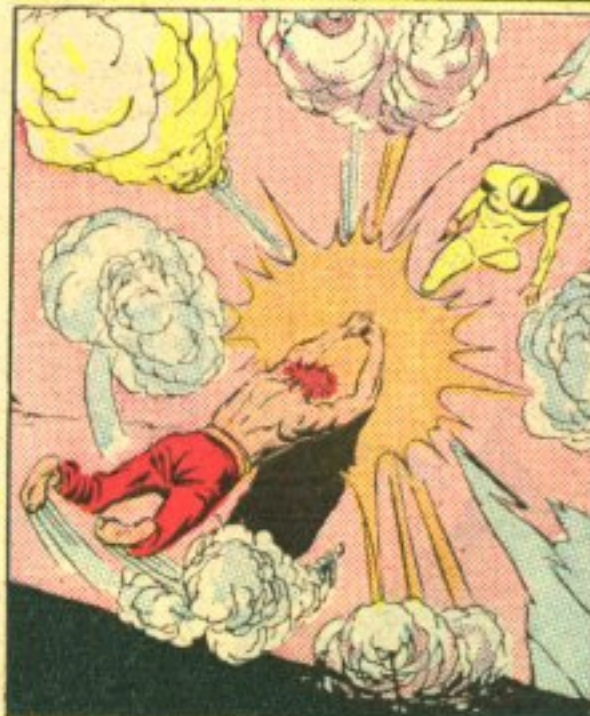
INFURIATED, THE HUGE MAN CRASHES DOWN WITH ROCK-LIKE FISTS.



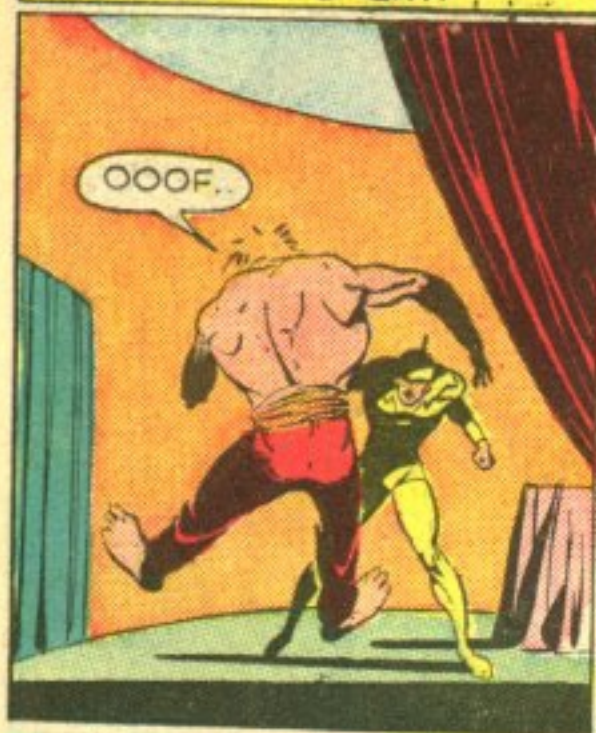
IN A FINAL BLAST OF FURY HE RAISES BOTH ARMS FOR THE KILL!



THE FLOOR CRACKS BENEATH HIS TERRIFIC WEIGHT AS THE RAY SLIPS FROM UNDER.



THE RAY LOOSES A THUNDER-BOLT BLOW TO THE RIBS OF HIS WEIRD OPPONENT.



AND SENDS HIM GROANING TO THE FLOOR.



WITH AN ANGRY GRUNT THE GIANT LUNGES ONCE MORE.



AND THE RAY LANDS THE FINISHING BLOW ON HIS JUTTING CHIN.



THE SHADOW OF THE HINDU QUIETLY, MENACINGLY, HOVERS OVER THE VICTOR.



BUT A SWIFTLY HURLED KNIFE MARKS THE END OF BELA JAT.



WELL, COMMISSIONER YOU SAVED MY LIFE THAT TIME!

THANK HEAVEN WE WERE ABLE TO... AFTER ALL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH ON OUR ACCOUNT!



THAT WAS JUST PART OF MY DAILY JOB. NOW I MUST BID YOU GOODBYE GENTLEMEN, FOR MY WORK IS NEVER DONE!



SO SAYING, THE MIGHTY FIGURE STEPS BACK INTO A BEAM OF LIGHT AND VANISHES... ON TO MORE ADVENTURES... IN HIS CONQUEST OF CRIME.





ON TOUR WITH THEIR SHOW, THE FAMOUS TRIO DISEMBARK FOR A ONE NIGHT STAND IN SACKENHACK....



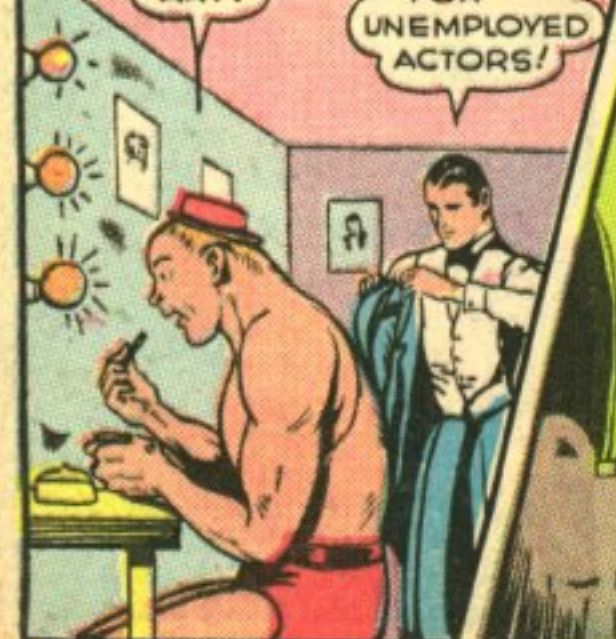
BUT BEFORE EVENING, PEOPLE ARE BEING TURNED AWAY FROM THE BOX OFFICE....



WE'RE ALL SOLD OUT/WE PLAY TO A FULL HOUSE TONIGHT, BOYS!



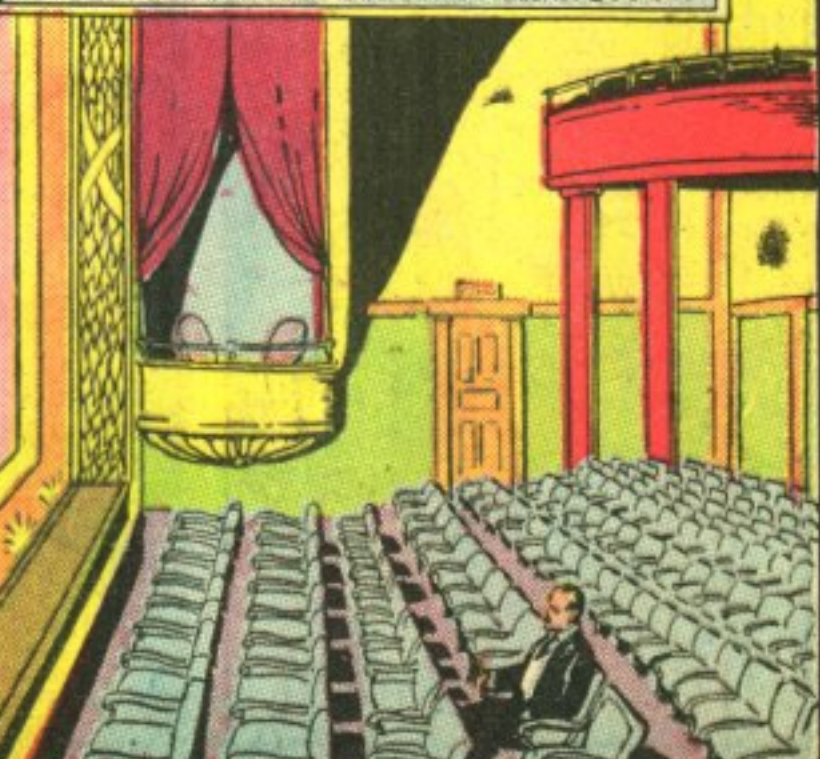
HEY/WHO SAID THIS WAS A DEAD TOWN? WHY THESE HICKS HAVE A REAL APPRECIATION OF ART!



BUT A STRANGE SHOCK AWAITS THEM A FEW MINUTES BEFORE CURTAIN TIME..



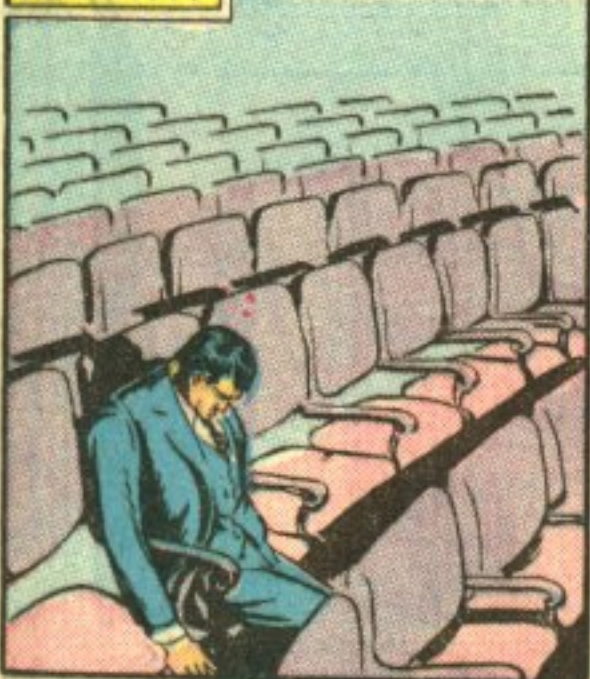
ONE MAN SITS ALONE, SURROUNDED BY GAPING ROWS OF VACANT SEATS....



BUT THE SHOW MUST GO ON...THE TICKETS HAVE BEEN SOLD, SO THE CURTAIN GOES UP ON TIME TO A STRANGELY EMPTY HOUSE.



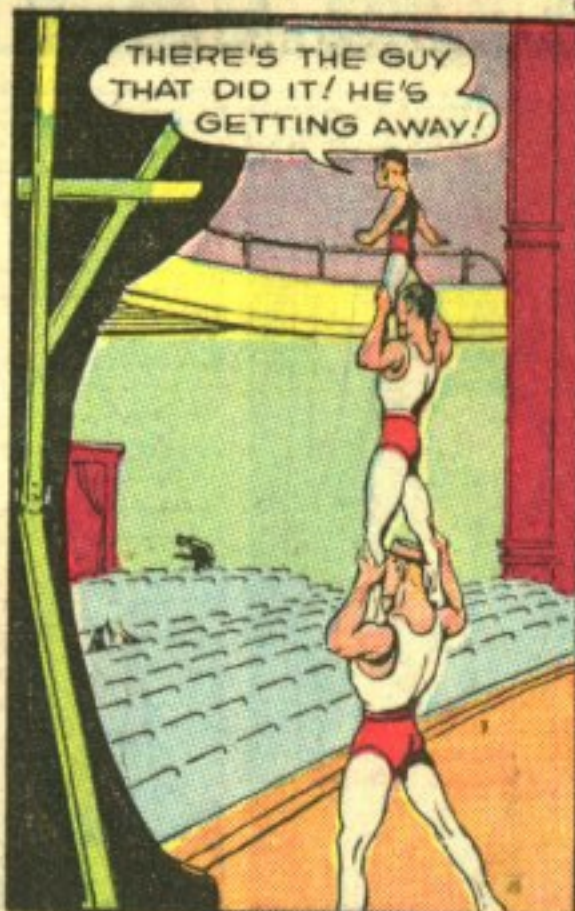
THE TRIO'S SINGLE "AUDIENCE" SHRIEKS IN STARTLED PAIN AND DIES.....A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEART....



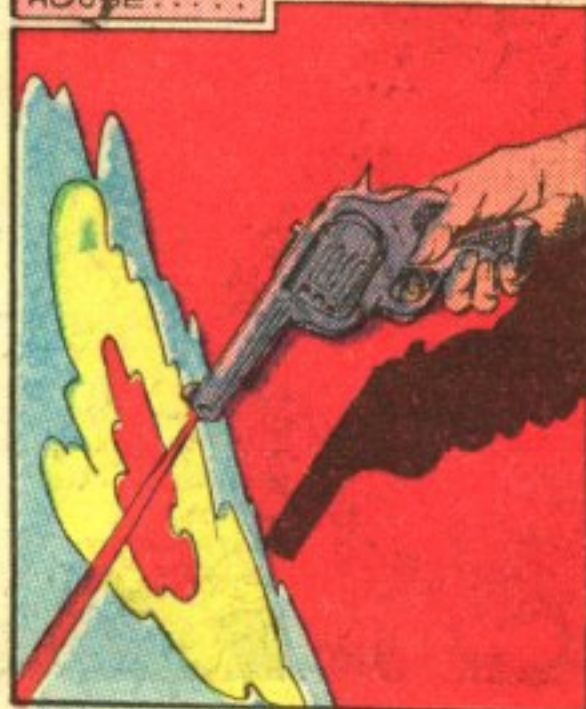
YEAH? WELL, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING...DON'T GET NERVOUS! YOU'LL DROP TINY!



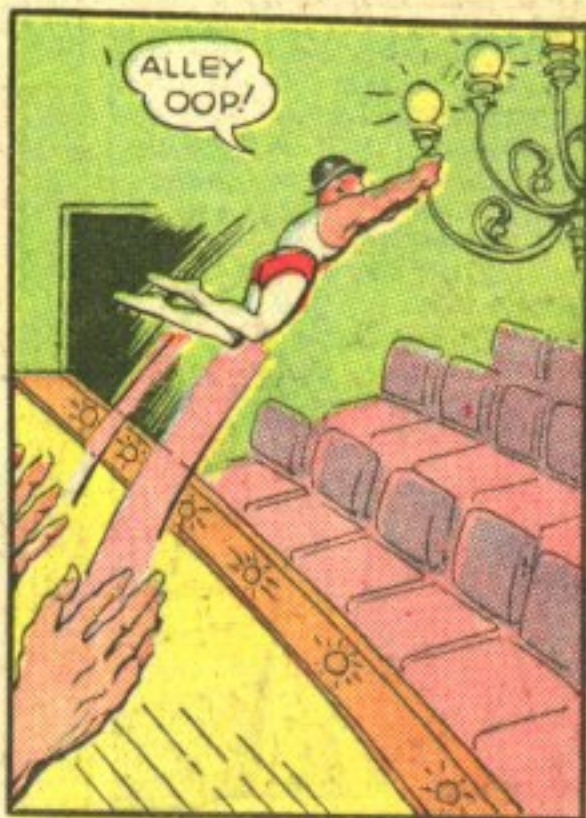
THERE'S THE GUY THAT DID IT! HE'S GETTING AWAY!



SUDDENLY....FROM THE REAR OF THE THEATRE, THE BARK OF A .32 ECHOES THROUGH THE VAST HOUSE.....



ALLEY OOP!



KILL OUR ONLY AUDIENCE, WILL YOU?

N-NO! NO!



WELL, YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET AWAY WITH IT...HEY, ROCKY, I GOT HIM!



WHY! THAT'S OLD WILLY, THE TOWN FOOL! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN HARMLESS BEFORE!

WHAT'S HE SAYIN'?

SHE MADE ME! SHE DID IT!!



YEH...YEH! I D-DIDN'T WANNA DO IT...SHE MADE M-ME! I-I-I TELL YOU! SHE'S AWFUL MEAN...SHE BEATS ME AN'-AN'...SHE MADE ME DO IT!



TREATING THE POOR HALF-WIT KINDLY, THE TRIO PERSUADE HIM TO LEAD THEM TO WHERE "SHE" LIVES....



THAT'S HER HOUSE THERE! BUT D-DON'T TELL HER I T-TOld YOU!

TAKE OLD WILLY TO THE POLICE, BUT DON'T HURT HIM! WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THE HOUSE!

YOU CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE! I WOULDN'T GO NEAR THAT HAUNTED BARN!

ME NEITHER!!

CAUTIOUSLY, TINY, WARREN AND ROCKY SLIP INTO THE OLD MANSION.....



A DEATHLY QUIET MAKES EVEN THEIR BREATHING SOUND TOO LOUD, AS THEY CREEP THROUGH THE ROOMS THAT STILL RETAIN THEIR FORMER ELEGANCE.....



WHEW! WHAT A NIFTY DIVE!

WARREN IS PARTICULARLY ATTRACTED TO AN OLD MIRROR.....



AW, COME ON! THE SPOOKS WON'T LOOK AT YOUR TIE!

BUT THE NEXT MOMENT, WARREN CRIES OUT IN TERROR...



THAT WOMAN! SHE'S NOT IN THIS ROOM! SHE'S COMING THROUGH THE MIRROR!

THE GLASS SLIDES BACK, AS A WOMAN IN BLACK STEPS INTO THE ROOM....



FOLLOW ME THROUGH THE MIRROR IF YOU WISH TO LEARN MORE!

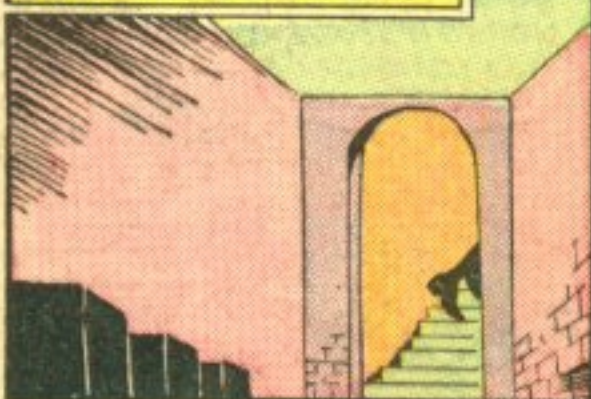


LIKE A SMALL TERRIER, TINY
HURDLES THE BLACK "BOXES," AND

O.K., ROCKY, GO TO
WORK ON 'EM!

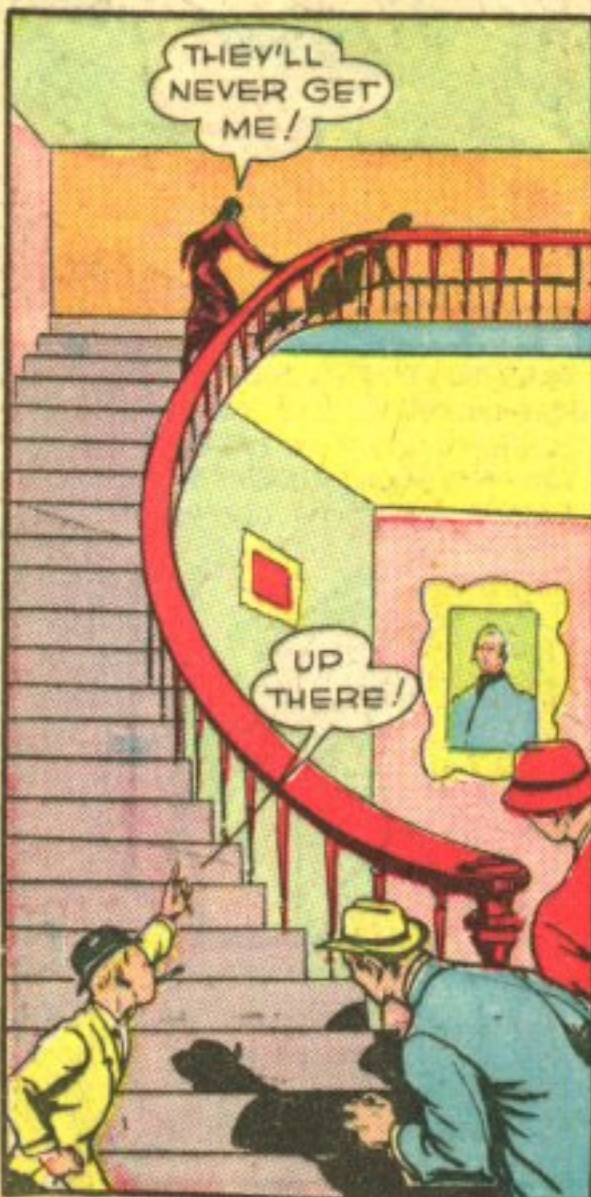


MEANWHILE, AUNTIE HAS MADE
GOOD HER ESCAPE....



THEY'LL
NEVER GET
ME!

UP
THERE!



THANKS, TINY! YOU'LL
GET A RAISE
FOR THIS!

THEY SURE MADE THEIR
OWN BEDS, DIDN'T
THEY!?

DROP
'EM RIGHT
IN!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE "GOOD"
NEPHEWS LIE UNCONSCIOUS IN
THE FAMILY CRYPT....

LOOKS LIKE THE LAST
ACT OF ROMEO AND
JULIET... SAY,
SPEAKING OF
SHAKESPEARE....



FOOLS! FOOLS!
I'VE LIVED TOO LONG
TO BE OUTWITTED
BY A MIDGET!

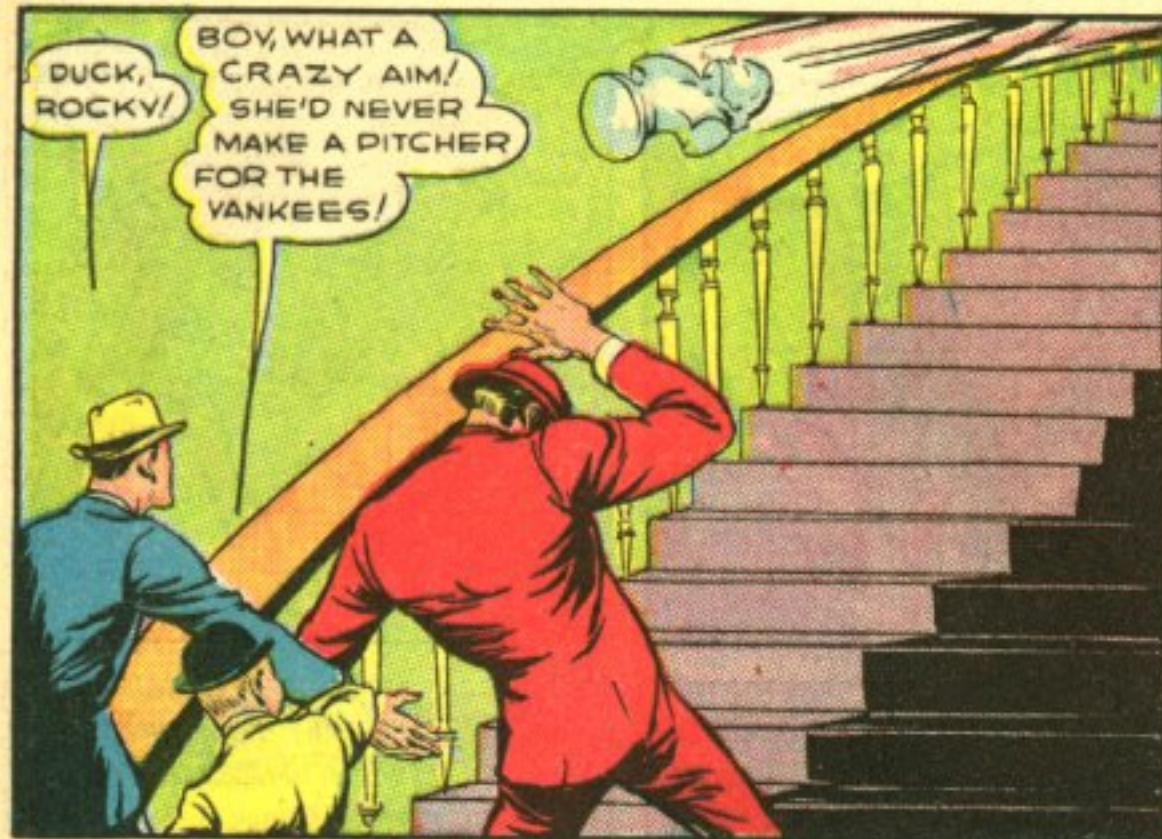


..WE CAN'T LET
THAT LADY
MACBETH
GET AWAY!



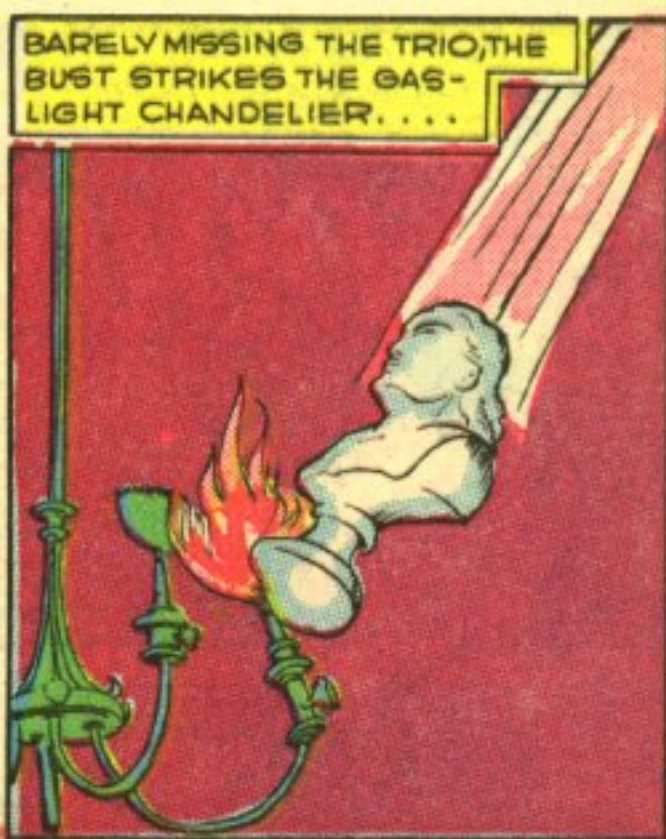
A PRICELESS
HEIRLOOM,
BUT...





DUCK, ROCKY!

BOY, WHAT A CRAZY AIM! SHE'D NEVER MAKE A PITCHER FOR THE YANKEES!



BARELY MISSING THE TRIO, THE BUST STRIKES THE GAS-LIGHT CHANDELIER. . .

RIPPING FROM THE CEILING, THE CHANDELIER CRASHES TO THE WOODEN STAIRS..



THE DRY OLD WOOD CATCHES FIRE AT ONCE!



HELP!

CAN'T LET HER BURN!

ROCKY TRIES TO SAVE THE OLD HAG, BUT THE STAIRS GIVE WAY TO THE ROARING FLAMES. . . .



WOW, WE ALMOST LOST OUR "BETTER THIRD" THAT TIME!



EASY, OLD MAN!

WELL, I TRIED!



AND SO, THE SCHEMING MURDERESS IS TRAPPED BY HER LAST EVIL DEED, AND DIES.



THE PURPLE TRIO WILL BE BACK WITH MORE SPINE-CHILLING THRILLS IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

Archie O'TOOLE

by BUD THOMAS

WHY, THAT'S SUM FUN, MY CHINESE COOK! HE'S WANTED FOR BURGLARY!

HE'S BEEN WITH THE FAMILY FOR YEARS, BUT I CAN'T LET SENTIMENT STAND IN THE WAY OF JUSTICE!

SNIFF
SNIFF

HM THERE HE GOES! I'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM!

GOSH! HE'S GOIN' INTO CHINATOWN!

SLOP HEE LAUNDRY
COLLARS SHADDED

ROAD TO SINGAPORE

SUM FUN VENTURES INTO A DARK MYSTERIOUS CORRIDOR

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOIN' ON AND I'M GOIN' TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

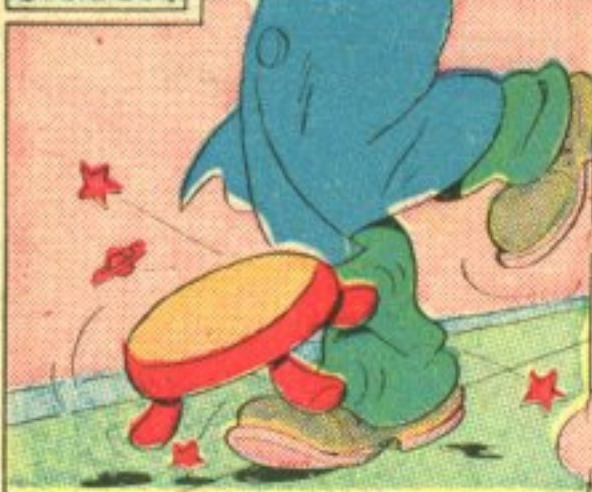
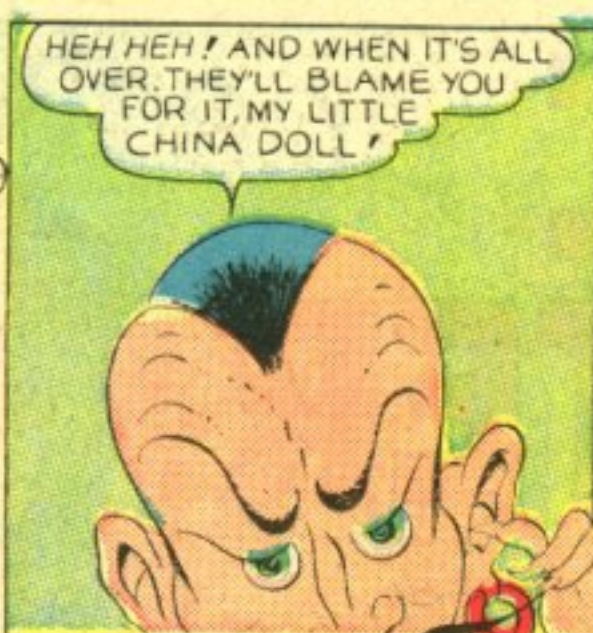
JUMPIN' JIMINY! THAT SINISTER CHARACTER HAS TIED SUM FUN IN A CHAIR, AND NOW HE'S PEERING INTO HIS EYES!!!

HEE! HEE! IT IS MERELY A MATTER OF A FEW SECONDS BEFORE YOU SHALL BE IN MY POWER!

HA HA HA! YOU ARE NOW MY SLAVE! I HAVE HYPNOTIZED YOU AND MY WORD IS YOUR COMMAND! HEH HEH!

I NEVER DID LIKE THE WAY YOU MADE MY CHILE CON CARNE CHINESE STYLE INSTEAD OF USING BAMBOO SHOOTS, YOU USED REAL BAMBOO! NOW I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! HEH HEH!

OH, MY! I'VE GOT TO SAVE SUM FUN FROM THAT MERCILESS FIEND!



CHIC Ace Reporter CARTER



MYSTERY SHROUDS A DARK AND FORBODING MANSION HIDDEN AMONG THE BAYOUS OF LOUISIANA... WITHIN, A SHADOWY FIGURE LABORS OVER A DRAWING BOARD..



AT LAST! HA! IT WILL TAKE AN EXPERT TO DISTINGUISH THESE BILLS FROM THE REAL THING!



SLOWLY A RISING TIDE OF BOGUS BILLS FLOOD THE NATION... PRICES RISE, THREATENING INFLATION!



IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE "NEW YORK DAILY STAR"

CARTER, SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES A MIGHTY COUNTERFEIT RING IS OPERATING ... MAKING BILLS ONLY DETECTABLE BY FEDERAL EXPERTS!

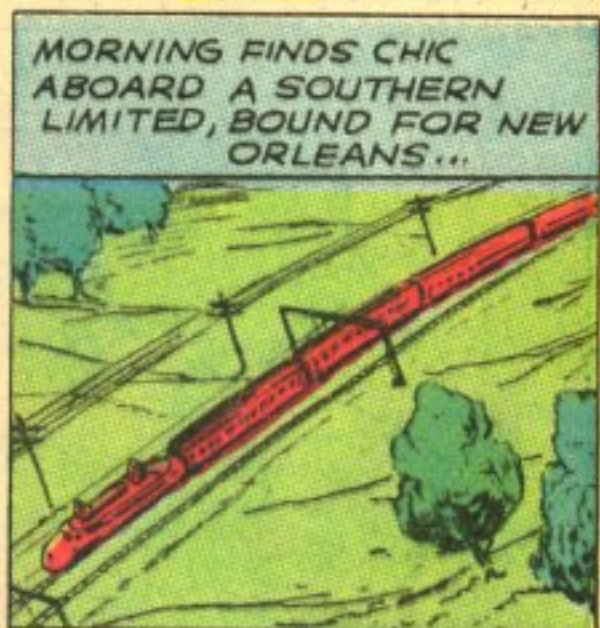


PRICES ARE RISING IN THE SOUTH.. THIS SEEMS TO BE THE CENTER OF INFLATION.. BUT THE POLICE CAN FIND NO TRACE OF THE SOURCE!



SO, I'M SENDING YOU SOUTH.. IF ANYTHING TURNS UP, YOU WILL BE THERE TO GET A STORY!

RIGHTO!



MORNING FINDS CHIC ABOARD A SOUTHERN LIMITED, BOUND FOR NEW ORLEANS...



ON THE TRAIN HE IS ATTRACTED BY A RIVAL BUT BEAUTIFUL REPORTER...

WELL! IF IT ISN'T "SCOOP" MERRILL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

GOING SOUTH FOR MY HEALTH, DEARIE!



A COUNTERFEIT STORY COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE A "HEALTH TREATMENT," COULD IT?

O.K. SHERLOCK, YOU GUESSED IT! BUT I'LL STILL BEAT YOU TO THE SCOOP!



LATER THE PAIR TRADE TRAIN FOR BOAT AND HEAD INTO THE SWAMP-LANDS...

SAY! WHO TIPPED YOU OFF TO COME HERE?

A MAN, MR. CARTER! I THINK IT WAS MY EDITOR!



LISTEN! DRUMS.. SOUNDS LIKE VODOO!

BOOM-BOOM-DE-BOOM



THE HIRED BOATMAN BEGINS TO CHANT A WEIRD RITE..

OH-AH DE DUM DE YOU..

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?



BOSS, DAT AM DE DEATH CHANT.. I GO NO FURTHER!



SUDDENLY A GLITTERING OBJECT WHIPS TOWARDS THE BOAT...

LOOK OUT! .. A KNIFE!



THERE'S SOMETHING TIED TO THE HILT... WHAT IS THIS, SAM?



DAT'S... DAT'S A DEATH TOKEN! OHH... GET OUTA HEAH... I'SE GOIN' HOME!



LOOK AT THAT BOY GO!

CAN YOU BEAT THAT? WE START OUT HUNTING COUNTERFEITERS AND WIND UP CHASING SPOOKS!

SAVE ME! GLORY SAVE ME!



A DIM TRAIL WINDS THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF SWAMP AND CYPRESS FOREST... CHIC AND MAE MERRILL DECIDE TO FOLLOW IT...

LISTEN-WE'RE GETTING CLOSER TO THAT VODOO CEREMONY!

THIS WILL BE DANGEROUS.. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO BACK!



WHAT? AND LOSE A STORY.. I'M NOT AFRAID OF THIS HOCUS-POCUS STUFF!

O.K. BUT I STILL THINK YOU'VE GOT MORE COURAGE THAN BRAINS!



AND THEN, IN A SMALL CLEARING THEY SEE A BLOOD-CHILLING RITUAL...

WHAT IS IT?

THE DEATH DANCE- THEY'RE GOING TO SACRIFICE A HUMAN BEING TO THEIR FOUL GOD!



A FITFUL GUST OF WIND FANS THE TORCHES.. THE SUDDEN FLARE-UP REVEALS CHIC AND MAE TO THE FANATICS!

WHITES!



THE VOODOO FOLLOWERS CLOSE IN ON THE INTRUDERS..



TWO SINEWY ARMS ENCIRCLE THE GIRL'S WAIST...

A FLYING FIST KNOCKS CHIC INTO A BLACK SWAMP..



THE WAITING BLACKS GRIN AT THE RISING BUBBLES..



THE VOODOO CULT RESUMES ITS DANCE WITH INCREASING FERVOR AS MAE IS DRAGGED TO AN ANCIENT MANSION..



WELCOME TO MY LITTLE ESTABLISHMENT, PROWLER! NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN IT, YOU MUST DIE!



YES! MY FRIENDS OUTSIDE DISPOSE OF THOSE WHO FIND MY PRIVATE MINT! HA-HA-HA-HA... TAKE HER OUT!



THE DRUMS BEAT A SAVAGE RHYTHM AS THE GIRL IS ABOUT TO BECOME A SACRIFICE..



SUDDENLY THE DEAFENING CLAMOR CEASES..THE SACRIFICIAL KNIFE STOPS ..AS THOUGH FROZEN!

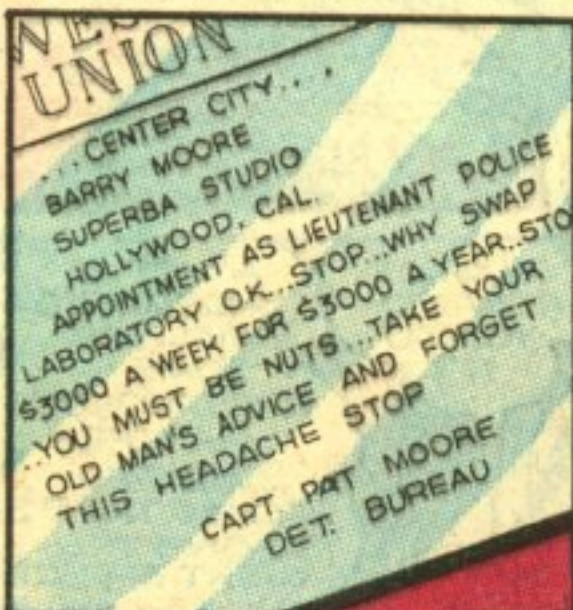




The SCARLET SEAL

by
Manning & V. Lee

BARRY MOORE,
TOP NOTCH
CHARACTER
ACTOR OF
THE FILMS
HAS JUST
FINISHED
HIS LATEST
PICTURE



BARRY MOORE PLEADS WITH THE DYING CROOK....



WHOEVER SHOT SPIDER GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT~ANYONE SEE THE SHOT FIRED?



LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT, LIEUTENANT BEMIS!



DEAR, DEAR! A KILLING HERE~ DISGRACEFUL!



HE MENTIONED A 'BUGS' MARLONE



LIEUTENANT MOORE, IN MY SOCIAL SERVICE WORK I FOUND KINDNESS THE BEST POLICY. POLICE WORK IS NO DIFFERENT, SO I HAVE ABOLISHED 3RD DEGREE AND STOOL PIGEONS..



SEE HOW FAR KINDNESS GETS YOU WITH HIM, COMMISSIONER!



SIT DOWN, MR. MARLONE. SMOKE IF YOU LIKE~



SO LONG, 'PANTYWAIST'!



THE ONLY THING CROOKS RESPECT IS THE BUSINESS END OF A NIGHTSTICK!



THESE NEWSPAPER BOYS ARE HAVING A LOT OF FUN PANNIN' ME BECAUSE SPIDER WAS SHOT UNDER MY NOSE!



NO "STOOLIES," NO UNDERCOVER MEN
AND 3RD DEGREE! CALL THE RATS
"MISTER" AND KISS THE SCUTS! NO
WONDER WE CAN'T STOP THIS
CRIME WAVE I'M THINKIN' OF
RETIRIN' BARRY!

NO **MOORE** EVER
QUIT YET, DAD!



DAD'S RIGHT. YOU **CAN'T** DO
POLICE WORK THAT WAY FEAR AND
LEG WORK IS WHAT CRACKS CASES
AND THIS BUSINESS IS KILLING
DAD. FEAR. I WONDER. SEEMS
I'M NOT THRU WITH ACTING
AFTER ALL!
I'LL DO IT!



I'LL BUY **THIS** HOUSE AS A
"FRONT" FOR MY **PRIVATE LAB.**



AND AS PART OF BARRY'S PLAN

THE **LOFT BUILDING**
NEXT DOOR GOES **THROUGH** TO
THE NEXT STREET. I'LL BUY
THAT UNDER A **FAKE NAME.**



A WEEK LATER THE SECRET
DOOR BETWEEN THE TWO
BUILDINGS IS FINISHED



WORKS LIKE
A **CHARM!**

AND THE **LOFT BUILDING'S**
FRONT ON THE NEXT STREET.



THAT **OUGHT** TO DO IT.

ENOUGH'S ENOUGH! TONIGHT
I'M CALLING ON **BUGS MARLONE.**



THAT NIGHT-BARRY'S **PRIVATE LAB**

BUT **NOT** AS **LIEUTENANT**
MOORE OF THE **POLICE**
DEPARTMENT!



THRU THE
SECRET DOOR

A **LITTLE YELLOW MAKE-UP.**
A **MUSTACHE...**



FROM A **CONCEALED MAKE-UP BOX**

AND THIS **SILK COAT, MANDARIN**
HAT, AND GLOVES...



AND I'M **READY** TO CALL
ON **BUGS MARLONE.**



MARLONE'S ON THE **TOP FLOOR.**
THIS **FIRE ESCAPE'S A HELP.**



THERE'S BUGS, AND 2 OF HIS THUGS. THIS SKYLIGHT WILL BE HANDY.

ROOF OF MARLONE'S HOUSE.

SUDDEN MOVES VERY UNWISE, PLEASE!

A CHINK!

CONFUCIUS, YOU ASKED.... OW!

OCCIDENTAL FIREARMS VERY EVIL BUT USEFUL

MARLONE DRAWS HIS GUN.....

PRESSING ON CERTAIN NERVES, BARRY USES JIU-JITSU TO KNOCK OUT THE OTHER TWO

NOW, LOWBORN; CHINESE FORGET MORE ABOUT TORTURE THAN 'MERICAN POLICE EVER KNOW. WHO, PLEASE, IS BEHIND YOU?

NO! NO!

A LITTLE PRESSURE, SO SORRY PLEASE~ WHO, PLEASE?

OUCH!

IT'S LIEUTENANT BEMIS AT HEADQUARTERS.

BAD! CAN'T INVOLVE THE POLICE FURTHER.... I HAVE IT.

LIEUTENANT BEMIS? BUGS MARLONE TELL OF CRIME ASSOCIATION WITH YOU...GOOD BYE PLEASE.

DON'T! HE'LL KILL ME!

FOR GOSH SAKE, MR CHINK, BEMIS IS RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR! I HEAR HIM! HE'LL KILL ME! LEMME HAVE A ROD! PLEASE!

PICK UP DISHONORABLE WEAPON!

10 MINUTES LATER

TAKE IT, RAT!

LISTEN...FER BEMIS~ I....

TWO BULL'S EYES!

TWO REPORTS SOUND AS ONE, AND BEMIS AND BUGS MARLONE BOTH FALL.

THEY'RE BOTH VERY DEAD,
THAT REMOVES COMPLICATIONS.
NOW TO LEAVE A THEATRICAL
TOUCH BEHIND.



AND WITH A SEAL CONCEALED
IN HIS WATCH FOB, BARRY
BRANDS THE THUGS~IN SCARLET



BARRY LEAPS TO THE SKYLIGHT

BEMIS WILL BE A HERO AND
THE POLICE WILL GET
THE CREDIT...



TEN MINUTES LATER BARRY
ALIGHTS FROM A CAB AT
HIS LOFT BUILDING...



BOY! AM I GLAD TO GET
OUT OF THAT OUTFIT...



...AND BACK INTO MY
LAB AGAIN.



THE NEXT MORNING



THAT'S THE WAY IT ALWAYS IS,
BARRY, A COP GETS KILLED
CRACKIN' A CASE AND THE
PAPERS GIVE SOME CHINK THE
CREDIT! BAH!



FORGET IT, DAD.

THOSE 2 ACCOMPLICES OF
MARLONE TELL ME THIS SCARLET
SEAL CHINAMAN WAS ARMED AND
TORTURED THEM. OUTRAGEOUS!



IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN, I WANT HIM LOCATED
AND ARRESTED! I'M ASSIGNING
YOU TO THE CASE.

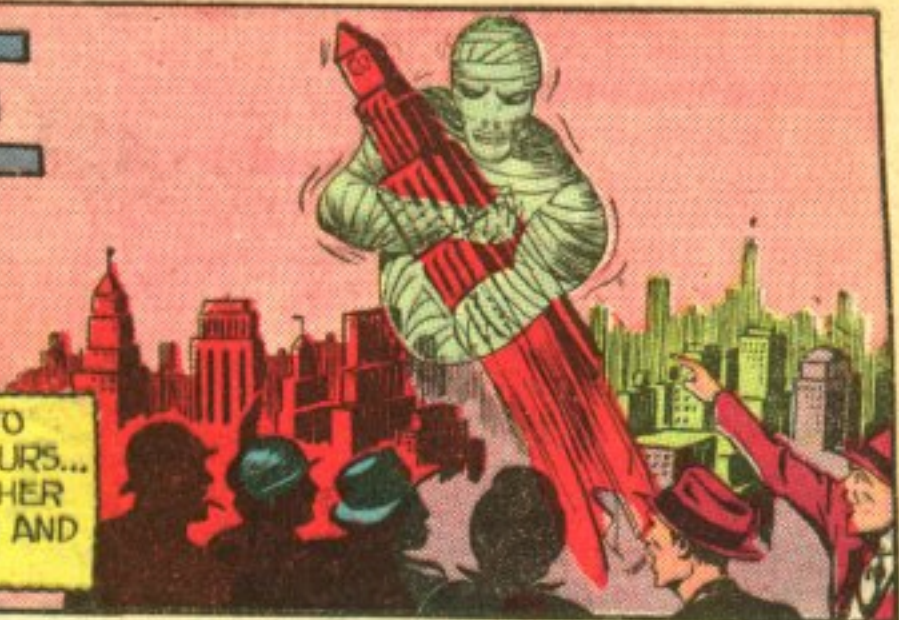


I WON'T TRY
TOO HARD! O.K.
COMMISSIONER.

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

THE CITIZENS OF A GREAT CITY ARE THROWN INTO CONFUSION ONE AFTERNOON AS THE IMPOSSIBLE OCCURS... THE FAMOUS STATE HOTEL, TOWERING HIGH ABOVE OTHER BUILDINGS, SUDDENLY RISES FROM ITS FOUNDATION AND DISAPPEARS INTO SPACE...



ON THE ROOF OF A NEARBY BUILDING...



HA-HA! IT WORKS, BOYS—IT WORKS--WE'LL BE MASTERS OF THE WORLD—DICTATORS! NATIONS, RICH MEN WILL BE OUR SLAVES!

THE NEXT DAY...



HERE COMES THE LIMITED, BOSS!

AS THE LIMITED PASSES THE MEN, IT SUDDENLY LURCHES UPWARD AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER IS LOST IN THE CLOUDS...



THE FOLLOWING DAYS BRING ASTONISHING HEADLINES...



NEW STRATOLINER MISSING!!
OFFICIALS GIVE PLANE UP AS LOST—
AUTHORITIES BAFFLED AS NO WRECKAGE REPORTED---

BATTLESHIP COLUMBIA DISAPPEARS---

AT THE APARTMENT OF KENT THURSTON, ALIAS THE INVISIBLE HOOD AND ENEMY OF CRIME...



WHY—IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! PLANES, BUILDINGS, BATTLESHIPS, JUST DON'T DISAPPEAR OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH WITHOUT A TRACE!

KENT—I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER—I'M GOING TO TELL EVERYTHING!!



HELLO, PROFESSOR JAMES—COME IN...WHAT'S UP?

IT'S ABOUT THESE FANTASTIC HAPPENINGS...I'VE KNOWN ALL THIS TIME WHO'S BEHIND IT...I'VE KEPT QUIET LONG ENOUGH! HE'LL KILL US ALL, I TELL YOU...HE'S A MADMAN...



WHO... AND HOW? COME ON, MAN, SPEAK UP!

WELL—IT STARTED A YEAR AGO—I WAS HEAD OF AN EXPEDITION EXCAVATING THE TOMB OF RA TUTKAMEN IN EGYPT!!



"WHILE DIGGING ALONE, MY COLLEAGUE, PROFESSOR HILL, FOUND A QUEER LOOKING OBJECT..."

GREAT SCOTT! THE JEWELLED CASE OF RA TUTKAMEN... ON THE TOMB IT SAYS THAT HE WAS KILLED BY A MOB OF FRIGHTENED EGYPTIANS BECAUSE HE POSSESSED A POWER THAT COULD PULL GRAVITY FROM AN OBJECT...



...WHEN HE WAVED THIS AT AN OBJECT THE RAYS OF THE JEWEL WOULD CAUSE THE OBJECT TO FLOAT OFF INTO SPACE!



"BUT DOCTOR ROBB, ANOTHER MEMBER, SAW HILL MAKE THE FIND..."

SO! THAT'S IT, EH? HMM....



"THAT NIGHT..."

TOMORROW I'LL PUT THIS TO THE TEST AND SEE IF IT STILL WORKS AFTER FOUR THOUSAND YEARS--WHAT'S THAT???



YOU'LL NEVER SEE DAWN, HILL!

NO-NO...



THERE--THAT FINISHED HIM! NOW TO TAKE THAT JEWELLED CASE AND SET OUT FOR AMERICA--HA-HA!



THAT'S THE STORY, KENT! THE POWER OF TUTKAMEN **DOES** WORK, AND YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT IT MEANS IN THE HANDS OF THAT SCOUNDREL!

YOU SAY IT MUST BE FOCUSED ON THE OBJECT TO BECOME EFFECTIVE, EH?



RIGHT, KENT-- BUT IT'S NO USE... HE CARRIES IT ON HIS PERSON AT ALL TIMES!

IF WE COULD ONLY FIND HIS HIDEOUT, PROF!



THE LAST TIME I HEARD OF ROBB HE WAS HEADING OUT OVER THE PACIFIC BY PLANE!

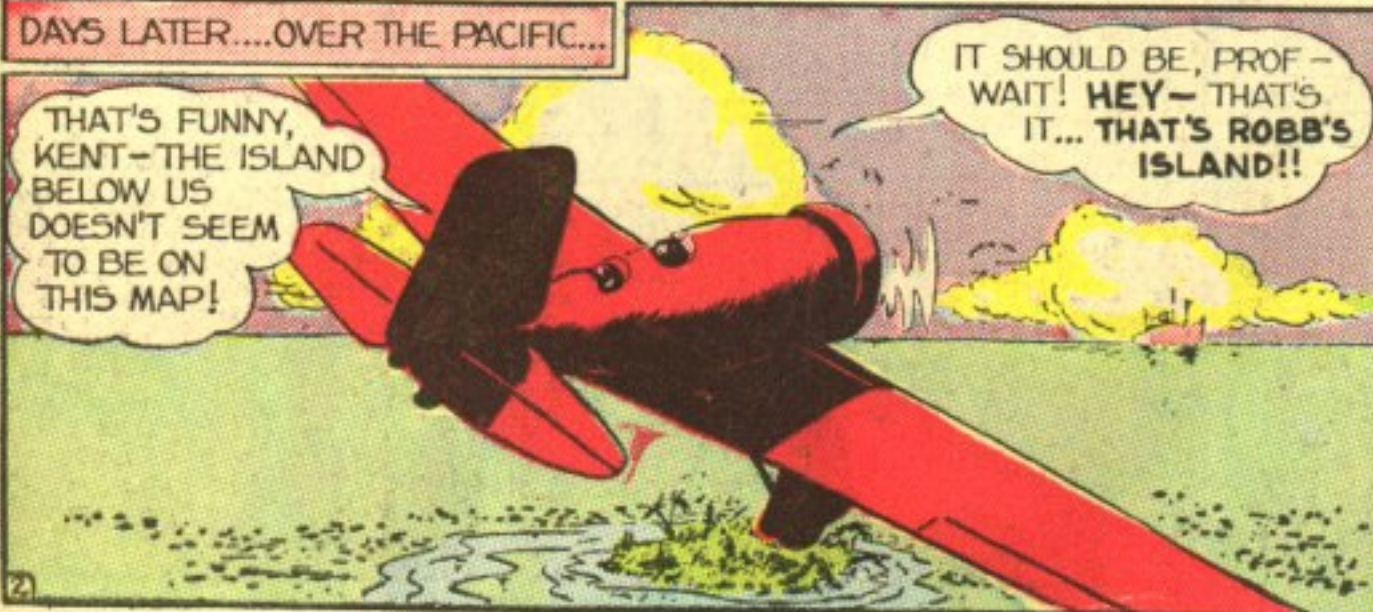
SWELL! THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR! **LET'S GO!**



DAYS LATER....OVER THE PACIFIC...

THAT'S FUNNY, KENT--THE ISLAND BELOW US DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ON THIS MAP!

IT SHOULD BE, PROF-- WAIT! **HEY-- THAT'S IT... THAT'S ROBB'S ISLAND!!**



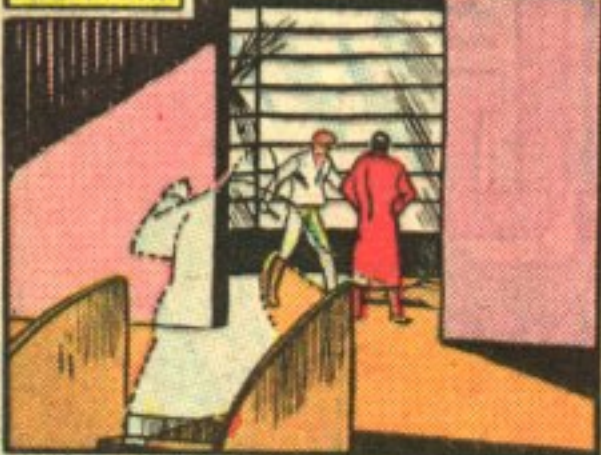
DON'T YOU SEE, PROF? THAT ISLAND SANK YEARS AGO...THAT'S WHY IT'S NOT ON THE MAP--BUT ROBB USED "THE POWER" TO RAISE IT AND USE IT AS HIS HIDEOUT!







MEANWHILE, THE INVISIBLE HOOD REACHES THE LABORATORY... SEEING JAMES GO DOWN, HE RUSHES TO HIS AID....



HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!



WHAT TH-!! WHO SAID THAT?? SPEAK UP, OR I'LL-

YOUR GAME IS UP, ROBB... PUT THAT TOY AWAY!



AN INVISIBLE GHOST, EH? YOU'RE WRONG, MR. GHOST.... WATCH THIS-



GREAT SCOTT! THE POWER OF TUTKAMEN DOESN'T WORK- ITS RAYS ARE POWERLESS!



THAT'S BECAUSE I'M INVISIBLE.... I USE MY POWER FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY, ROBB... THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US!



SUDDENLY ROBB TURNS AND RUNS FOR THE WINDOW....

ROBB-STOP!!



CRASH!



A FEW SECONDS LATER THERE IS AN EXPLOSION, AS THE POWER OF TUTKAMEN HITS A ROCK BELOW....



GET UP, OLD MAN - THE POWER OF TUTKAMEN IS GONE FOREVER.... THE WORLD CAN REST IN PEACE NOW!



E-E-E-A-A!



ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X

BY
WILLIAM ERWIN



THREE OCEAN LINERS BEARING THE COLORS OF AN ORIENTAL POWER, ARE PASSING THROUGH THE GAILLARD CUT OF THE PANAMA CANAL, ESCORTED BY AMERICAN PILOTS AND MILITARY GUARDS.



ON BOARD ONE OF THE STEAMERS

WORD HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED FROM OUR AGENTS IN NICARAGUA... THEY ARE IN SECRET CONTROL OF THE MUNITIONS THERE!

VERY GOOD. SEND MEN OUT ON DECK TO DISPOSE OF THE GUARD AND PILOTS! ALSO NOTIFY THE OTHER SHIPS TO DO THE SAME... TAKE PRECAUTIONS AGAINST A SHOT BEING FIRED... THE SOUND MIGHT WRECK OUR PLANS!



ANCHOR OUR SHIPS HERE. THIS WILL BE THE BASE FOR OPERATIONS FOR OUR ATTACK UPON THE UNITED STATES! CUT ALL COMMUNICATION. THE REST OF THE WORLD MUST NOT KNOW WHAT WE ARE DOING!



IMMEDIATELY ALL WIRELESS, MAIL AND TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS ARE SEVERED, BOTH ON SHORE AND IN THE HARBOR...

FINALLY AN INVADER'S LANDING IS ARRANGED.



QUICKLY AND METHODICALLY, THE AMERICAN GUARDS AND PILOTS ARE OVERPOWERED.



STEALTHILY THE MEN SCALE THE ROLLING HILLS FRINGING THE CANAL...



BUT AT THE OFFICE OF THE U.S. ESPIONAGE, THE CHIEF SUMMONS BLACK X.

WELL, WHERE TO NOW, CHIEF?

MEXICO! I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I THINK THE INVASION CAN BE SMASHED WITHOUT AID OF ARMS AND MEN!

A LOT SOONER, TOO! THE BIGGEST THREAT ARE THE PARACHUTE TROOPS. IF THEY CAN BE DESTROYED, THE INVASION WILL BE A FAILURE!

RIGHT, SIR! I SHALL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

LATER IN PACHUCA... TWO ENEMY AGENTS MEET TO RELAY IMPORTANT NEWS...

INFORM GENERAL TSU FEE TO EXPECT ARRIVAL OF TWO HUNDRED PARACHUTE TROOPS!

VERY GOOD!

NO, HE DIDN'T HEAR US SPEAKING..... HE'S SNORING LIKE ALL THUNDER!

A "LEAD" AT LAST! NOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH SENOR ROD PASQUALA OF THE MEXICAN ESPIONAGE!

THAT NIGHT AT THE "TWIN ROSES"

THOSE PARACHUTE TROOPS WILL HAVE TO BE STOPPED. THE PEONS ARE LOYAL, BUT HAVE NO GUNS!

YES, I'M CONVINCED NOW, THOSE TWO ARE ESPIONAGE AGENTS!

THEY MAY BE ABLE TO SAVE MEXICO!

ROD, THAT DANCER LEFT A NOTE... "RIFLES IN FORT... TUNNEL UNDER WALL!"

ROD SNEAKS OFF TO THE VILLAGE AND RETURNS WITH PEONS..



THOSE PARACHUTE TROOPS ARE LANDING INSIDE THE YARD! WELL, HERE I GO FOR THE ARSENAL!



BLACK X CHARGES INTO THE TEETH OF THE ENEMY, BLASTING A BLOODY PATH TO HIS OBJECTIVE



CARAMBA! GET HIM!



A DIVE BOMBER CIRCLING OVER THE FORT SUDDENLY NOSES DOWN..

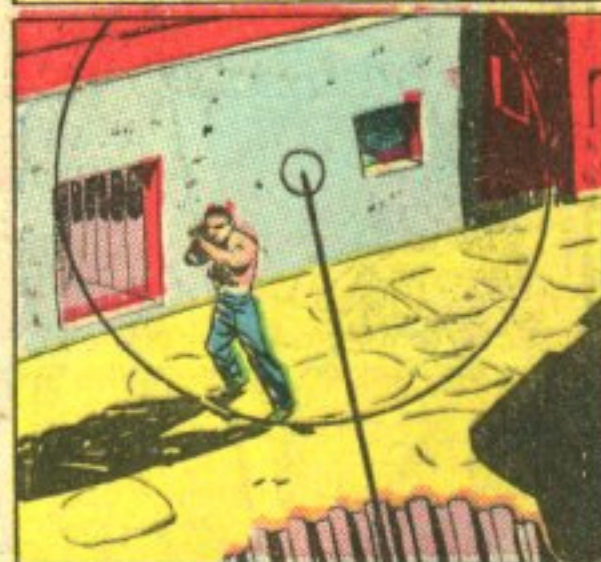


OH.. OH! HERE COMES SOME MORE TROUBLE!



THE CHANCE IS SLIM BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!

HE FACES THE DIVING SHIP..



SUDDENLY HIS GUN BEGINS TO RATTLE FIRE..



THAT PILOT IS A PRETTY GOOD MARK!

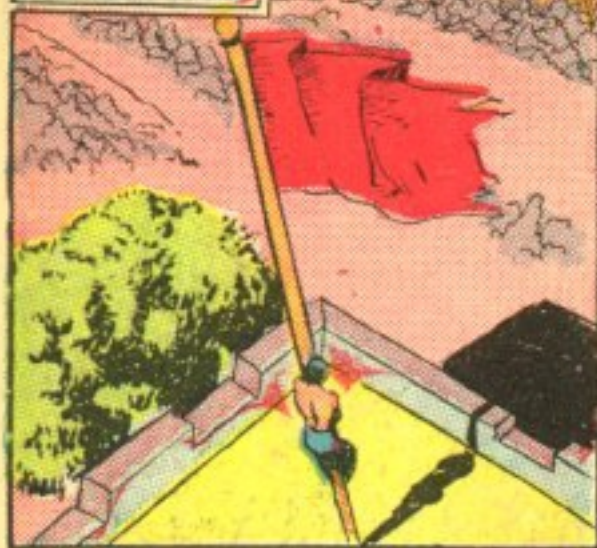


THAT CLIPPED HIS WINGS ALL RIGHT!

THE PLANE FALLS TO THE GROUND LIKE A DEAD BIRD..



THEN BLACK X CLIMBS THE
FLAG POLE



THEY'RE GOING TO CHARGE ANY
MINUTE NOW! I'LL TRY TO
HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG
AS POSSIBLE!



SUDDENLY THE 'CHUTE
TROOPERS CHARGE



ALL RIGHT, MEN, WE'VE
GOT TO TAKE THE
ARSENAL!

BLACK X DOES HIS
BEST TO STALL
THEM OFF.



AT THAT MOMENT, OVER
THE HILL COME THE PEONS



LOOK! ON
THE FLAG!
BLACK X'S MESSAGE
TO ATTACK
THERE!



DISCARDING HIS GUN,
BLACK X BENDS THE
FLAG POLE TO SWING
CLEAR OF THE COMING
BLAST.



THE EARTH AND FORT ARE ROCKED BY EAR-SPLITTING
BOOMS AS BLACK X'S FUSE SETS OFF THE POWDER.



ON, MEN/ON
INTO THE
FORT!

DESTROY
EVERY LAST
ONE OF
THEM!

THROUGH THE WIDE HOLE IN THE WALL THE ARMY OF PEONS MOVES IN TO MOP UP ON THE REMAINING TROJAN HORSEMEN.



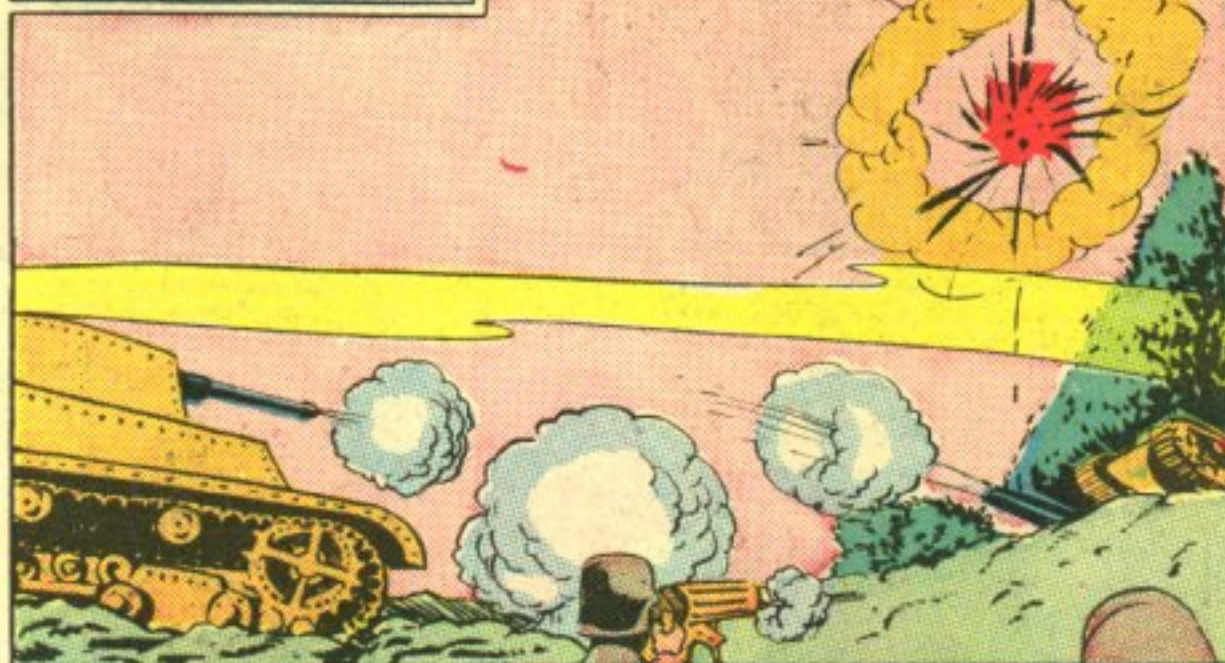
AT THE FRONT, THE CHIEF OF THE MEXICAN ARMY STAFF RECEIVES IMPORTANT NEWS.



GOOD! THEN WE CAN USE OUR FULL FORCE HERE TO BEAT OFF THE ENEMY!

NO NEED TO DISPATCH PART OF YOUR ARMY TO PACHUCA... 'CHUTE TROOPERS COMPLETELY DESTROYED!

WITH NO FEAR OF A "STAB IN THE BACK," THE MEXICAN ARMY SWINGS INTO DEVASTATING COUNTER ATTACKS UPON THE INVADER.



WITH ALL SOURCE OF SUPPLY CUT OFF, THE ENEMY IS CONQUERED.



BLACK X AND ROD DRINK A TOAST TO THEIR SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF A HAZARDOUS MISSION.



SENOR, MANY TALES HAVE I HEARD OF YOU! NOW I AM WILLING TO BELIEVE THEM ALL, AND NOW I KNOW WHY ENEMIES OF JUSTICE CRINGE AT THE NAME OF BLACK X!

NONSENSE, IF NOT FOR YOU AND THE PEONS...

MONTHS LATER IN WASHINGTON



MAJOR, IF I SEE ANOTHER GUN, EVEN A TOY ONE, I'LL.....

SORRY, YOU'LL SEE MORE OF THEM... I'VE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU!

MAGNID



YOU GUYS ARE ALL WRONG TO WANT YOUR OWN UNION.. THE LAWYER WE HAVE HERE CAN TELL YOU THAT!

HE'S RIGHT, MEN.. LISTEN TO THIS!

THE LAWYER THEN GOES INTO A VERY LEGAL SPEECH WHICH LASTS FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES..

.. FURTHERMORE... ACCORDING TO PART NINE, CLAUSE SIX, WE NOW HAVE...



WHAT'S HE SAYIN'?

I DON'T KNOW.. BUT IT MUST BE RIGHT!

MAYBE WE'RE WRONG!



JUST PAY YOUR MEMBERSHIP DUES TO MY FRIEND... AND TOMORROW YOU'LL SEE HOW WELL OFF YOU ARE!



NEXT DAY...



THE NEW UNION MEN SEE MIKE HARVEY AND TOM DALTON GOING TO WORK REGARDLESS OF THE STRIKE

SO.. YOU TWO REFUSE TO JOIN UP WITH OUR UNION, EH?

YEP! AND WE NEVER WILL!



HMM... NOW I'M SURE I RECOGNIZE THESE BIRDS! THEY'RE PART OF "BIG TIM'S" OLD RACKETEERING MOB OF CHICAGO... NICE BOYS!



OKAY! IF YOU GUYS WON'T JOIN UP WE'LL SHOW YA HOW WE TREAT STRIKE-BREAKERS... MUSS 'EM UP, BOYS!



C'MON, DALTON! FOR ONCE FORGET THAT YOU'RE A NICEY-NICE BOY... AND GIMME A HAND!

OKAY!



SORRY I MUST DO THIS TO YOU, MIKE!





AS AN IRON FRAMEWORK ACTS AS AN ATTRACTION POINT IN LIFTING HIM, MAGNO THINKS HARD FOR A SOLUTION.....



I'VE GOT IT!!!
THE CHICAGO
POLICE DEPART-
MENT'S ROGUE'S
GALLERY!



MAYBE I'LL
BE LUCKY
ENOUGH
TO CATCH
A RIDE
!



NO SOONER SAID THAN
DONE!



THEN BY
TRAIN...



AIRPLANE..



AND HARDLY IN ANY
TIME AT ALL, MAGNO
REACHES CHICAGO...



AND STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT.....



OH-OHH...
I'M....



SORRY THAT
I MUST DO
THIS,
OFFICER!



HERE THEY ARE! NICE
PICTURES TOO... WAIT'LL THE
MEN AT ACME SEE THESE...
GOOD-BYE
'UNION'!



NEXT STOP...
HOME!



WHILE
ACME
ELEC-
TRIC
WORKERS
ARE
BLED
OF
THEIR
LAST
DOLLARS
BY
THEIR
CROOKED
UNION
PALS...

WE'D BETTER EASE UP
ON THESE SUCKERS,
LOUIE... THEY
MIGHT GET WISE!



HA...HA!!

AT DAWN MAGNO APPEARS AT A
MORNING PAPER IN THE ACME
PLANT'S TOWN.....

WHAT A SCOOP! WHY
I COULD HAVE A MILLION
COPIES OUT BY NINE OCLOCK!



NOTHING DOING
!!

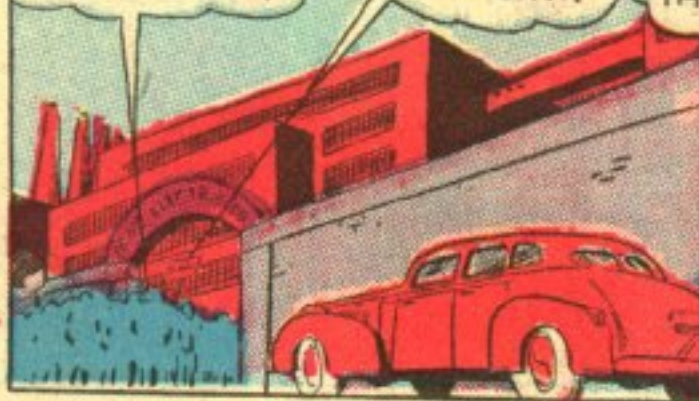
OH!! A STORY THAT WILL ROCK THIS TOWN...AND I HAVE T'WAIT FOUR HOURS BEFORE I CAN RELEASE IT!! ANNIE!! GET ME THE PRESS ROOM...GET EVERYBODY IN HERE!



THAT MORNING...AT THE PLANT..

C'MON GUYS! IT'S NINE O'CLOCK... START STORMING THE PLANT!

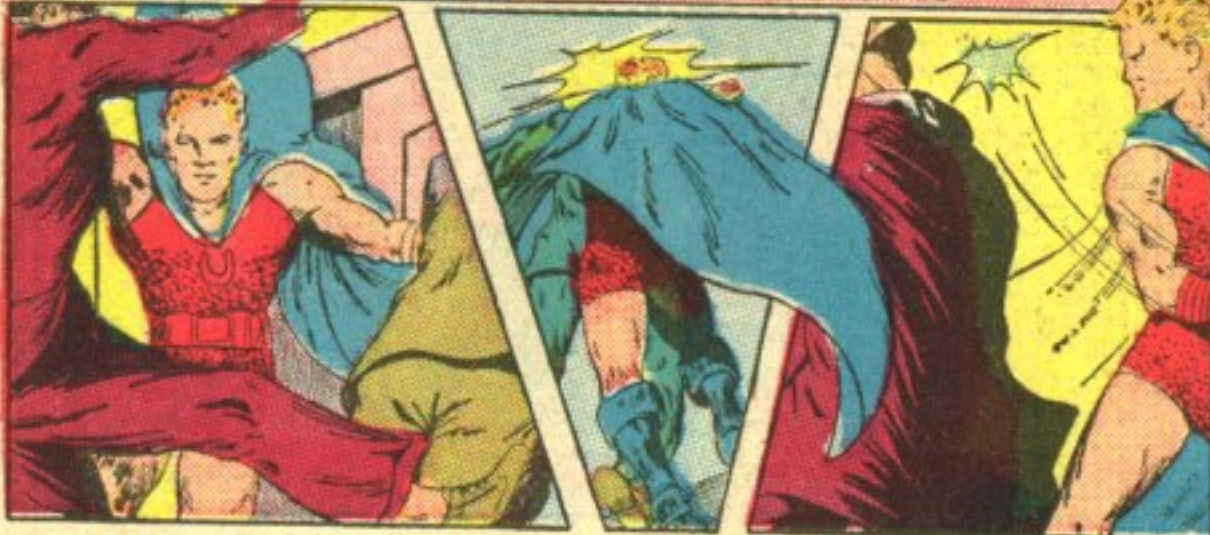
WE'LL WIN THIS STRIKE, OR ELSE...!



WHERE ARE THOSE NEWS-PAPER TRUCKS? I'LL HAVE TO HOLD THIS MOB OFF UNTIL THE "GOOD NEWS" ARRIVES! WISH THEY'D HURRY!



AS THE ADVANCING MOB OF WORKERS REACHES THE ENTRANCE THEY FIND THEIR PATH BLOCKED BY MAGNO.....



GET OUTTA OUR WAY!



BUT THE NEWSPAPER TRUCKS ALSO ARRIVE

HEY, YOU GUYS! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!!

T-THE UNION LEADERS ARE GANGSTERS!



OUR POLICE PICTURES !!

LET'S SCRAM!



DAILY TIMES
CHICAGO RACKETEERS
HEAD
PHONE
ACME
UNION

WHERE D'YOU CROOKS THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?

HOW ABOUT THE MONEY YOU TOOK FROM US?



THAT SETTLES THAT! NOW TO CHANGE BACK TO TOM DALTON, BEFORE OLD MIKE SEES ME!



HEY, DALTON! WHERE IN HECK HAVE YA BEEN? WE'VE HAD PLENTY OF TROUBLE 'ROUND HERE, BUT YOU....

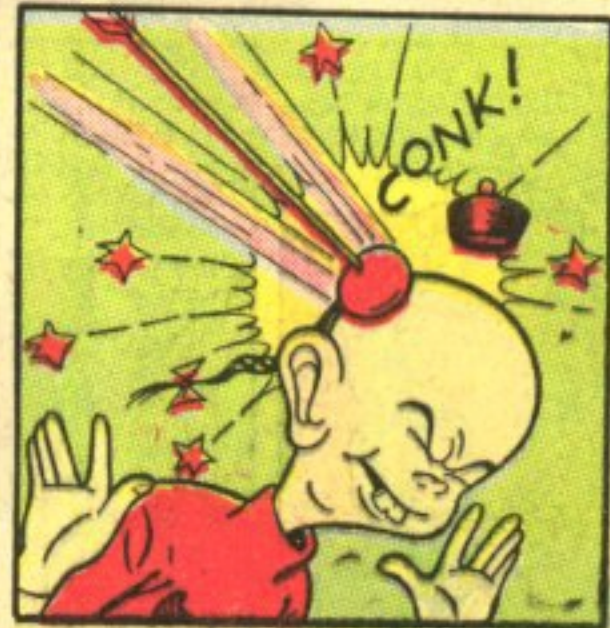
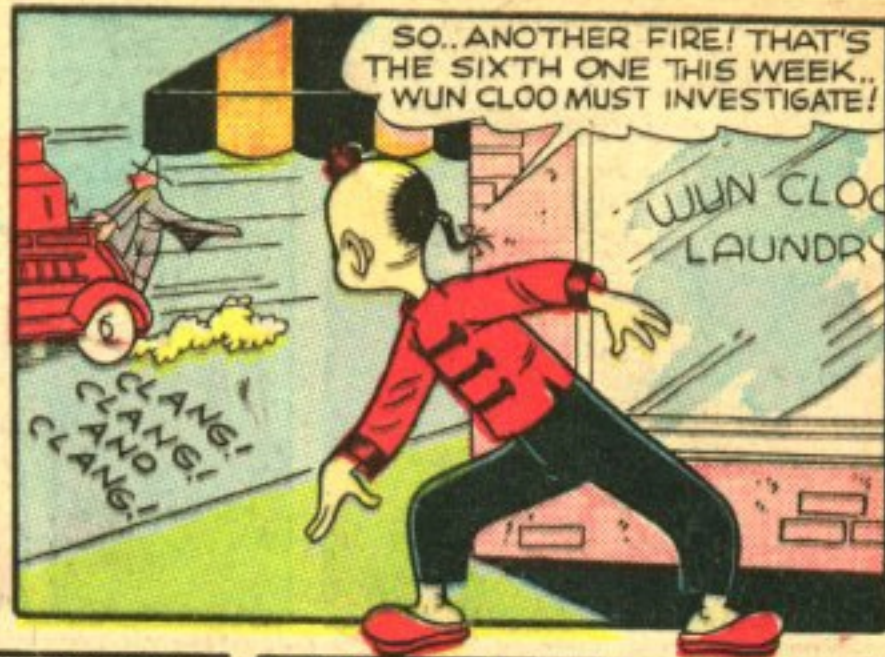
AW-TAKE IT EASY, MIKE!



WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

by GILL FOX





AH! THAT SHOULD STICK INTO THAT BIG WAREHOUSE DOWN THERE!



I'LL WAIT AN HOUR BEFORE I SHOOT ANOTHER ARROW... HO HUM... Z-Z-ZURP!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z



HA! MY ARROW-SHOOTING FRIEND HAS FALLEN ASLEEP. I'LL MAKE HIM SORRY HE GAVE ME THIS BUMP!



THERE! THAT SHOULD BRING RESULTS WHEN HE SHOTS AGAIN!



AH SO! THIS CARD ON HIS DESK HAS ADDRESS OF NEXT BUILDING HE INTENDS TO BURN! I WILL GO TO BUILDING AND WAIT!



THAT'S THE BUILDING.. I'LL JUST RING FIRE ALARM!



AH, YOU'RE HERE! THIS IS ONE FIRE YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR!

OH... A SCREWBALL, HUH?



IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO START A LITTLE BLAZE AT 200 MAIN STREET!



HELP! I'M TIED TO TH' ARROW



HERE COMES THE FIRE BUG NOW, WITH ONE OF HIS FLAMING ARROWS.. THE CAUSE OF THE FIRES!



BEFORE I TAKE YOU DOWN, TELL ME, WHY DID YOU START FIRES, COMMISSIONER?

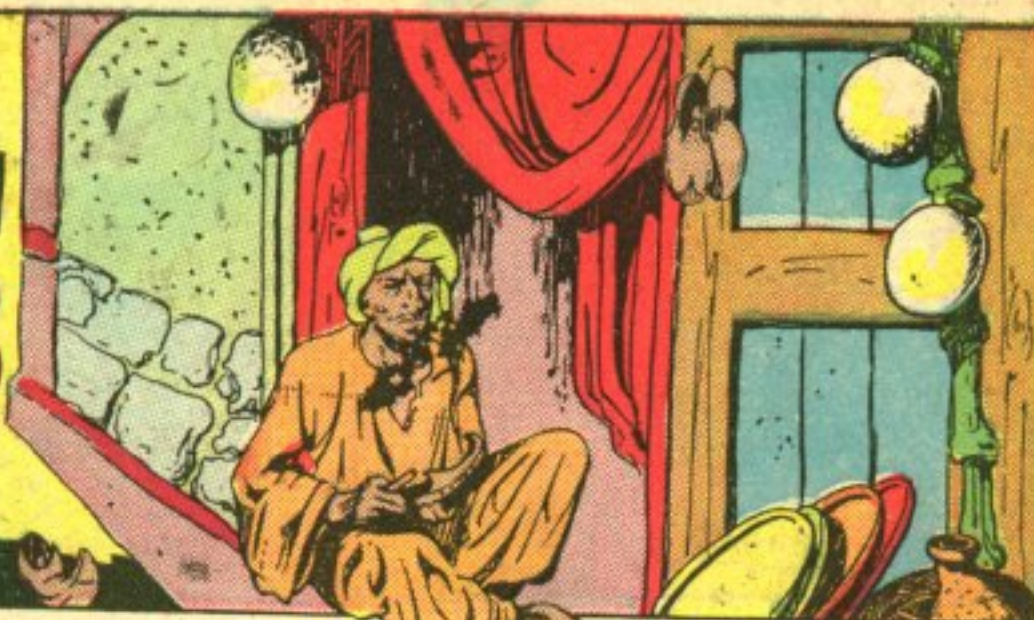


ULP. BECAUSE THERE WASN'T A FIRE IN A LONG TIME, THEY DIDN'T NEED ME.. SO IT WAS A CASE OF ME FIRING BUILDINGS OR GETTING FIRED MYSELF!!

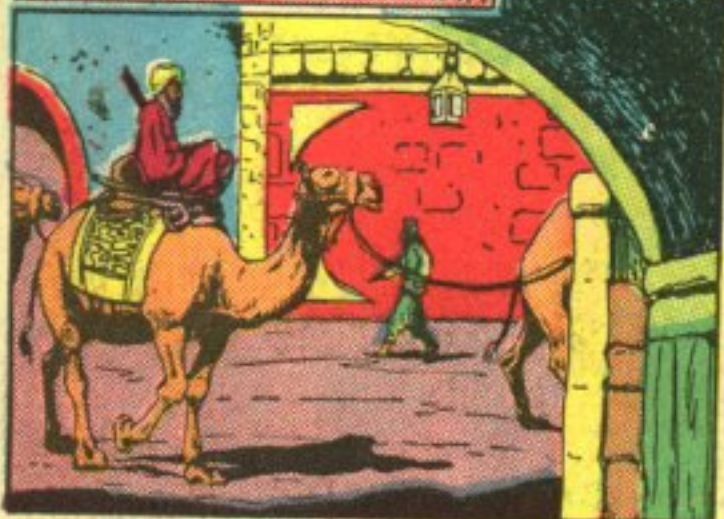
ABDUL

The CARAB

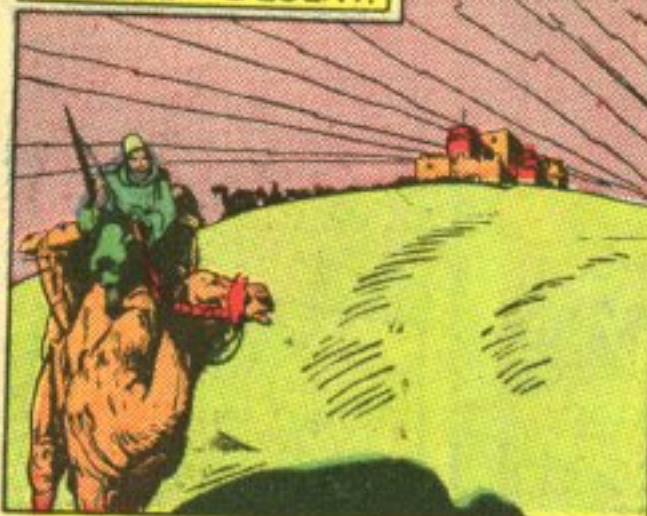
By
Powell
Roberts



IN THE HEAT OF A BLAZING DAY, A CAMEL TRAIN WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE TURMOIL OF BADUKSHAN.



REACHING THE GATES OF THE CITY, IT HEADS FOR THE OPEN DESERT.



FROM BENEATH HIS HOOD, THE WARY EYES OF A SCOUT COMB THE DUSTY PANORAMA.



ALL SEEMS WELL SO FAR, KARU-BALI. BEFORE NIGHT, WE SHALL DELIVER THE GUNS INTO THE HANDS OF OUR TRIBES!



WITH THESE NEW REPEATING RIFLES, ABDUL AND HIS TRIBES WILL BE DESTROYED! AND I, SHEIK KARU-BALI, SHALL BE SUPREME!



ONCE ABDUL IS MY PRISONER, HA! HA! HIS EYES WILL NO LONGER SEE, AND HIS TONGUE NO LONGER SPEAK!



MEANWHILE, FORTY KILOMETERS TO THE NORTH, ABDUL AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND HASSAN SEE A RIDERLESS HORSE IN THE DISTANCE.



RIDE, HASSAN! BY THE STAR OF KISMET, SOMETHING IS WRONG!



MOUNTED ON HIS HORSE BETH-SHEBA, ABDUL QUICKLY COVERS THE DISTANCE.



THE HORSE WATCHES THE INTRUDERS. FROM THE STIRRUP DANGLES THE BODY OF A RIDER.



IS HE ALIVE, ABDUL?

HIS HEART IS BEATING. HE'S COMING TO!



I KNOW NOT WHO YOU ARE, BUT TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO SHEIK ABDUL... "LEADER KARU-BALI'S CARAVAN IS COMING FROM THE SOUTH WITH REPEATING RIFLES AND MUNITIONS. HE MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE. UGH UH."



HE'S DEAD! POOR FELLOW! BUT HE HAS NOT DIED IN VAIN!



THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE! HASSAN, WE MUST STOP KARU-BALI! YOU AND I AGAINST A WELL-ARMED CARAVAN!



YES, ABDUL, PERHAPS IT IS CERTAIN DEATH FOR US, BUT MY HATRED FOR KARU-BALI IS STRONGER THAN MY FEARS!



RIDING SOUTHWARD TOWARD THE CAMEL TRAIN, ABDUL HITS UPON A PLAN.

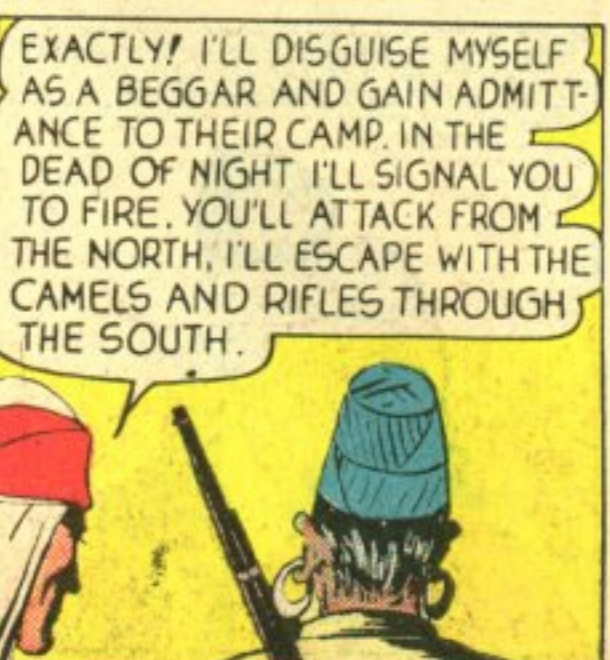


HASSAN, GIVE ME THE CLOTHES OF THAT POOR FELLOW WE BURIED!

WHAT WOULD YOU WANT WITH THOSE RAGS? THEY ARE TORN AND OLD!



EXACTLY! I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A BEGGAR AND GAIN ADMITTANCE TO THEIR CAMP. IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT I'LL SIGNAL YOU TO FIRE. YOU'LL ATTACK FROM THE NORTH, I'LL ESCAPE WITH THE CAMELS AND RIFLES THROUGH THE SOUTH.



QUICKLY ABDUL DONS THE REGALIA OF A BEGGAR.



HO, ABDUL, YOU NOT ONLY LOOK THE PART BUT SMELL IT TOO. HARK!

IT'S A CAMEL TRAIN! HERE I GO, HASSAN!



QUIETLY ABDUL NEARS
THE CAMP.



AHA! A BEGGAR OF THE DESERT!
A SIGN OF GOOD LUCK, MY
FRIENDS! WELCOME, LOW-
BORN ONE!



A BIT OF BREAD, OH NOBLE
SHEIK! A CRUMB FOR A
HUNGRY MORTAL LIKE
YOURSELF..



DOG! A HUNGRY MORTAL PERHAPS,
BUT COMPARE YOURSELF NOT WITH
SHEIK KARU-BALI!



YAKUB, TAKE THIS FAMISHED
SCAVENGER TO THE FOODTENT!
THERE MUST BE A BONE THE
DOGS HAVE NOT SUCKED
DRY!



COME! IF ONLY HE COULD
GUESS THIS FAMISHED
SCAVENGER IS REALLY
ABDUL HE'D HAVE
A FIT!



PAST THE
CAMELS
LOADED
WITH PACKS
OF REPEAT-
ING RIFLES
AND CASES
OF MUNITIONS,
ABDUL
MOVES,
HIS KEEN
EYES MISS-
ING NO
DETAILS.



GUNS! CARTRIDGES!
ENOUGH TO START
A TRIBAL WAR!

THERE! FILL YOUR BELLY
AND BE
OFF!



HE'S GONE! NOW TO GIVE THE
SIGNAL!



BUT THE GIANT YAKUB, NOTICING
THE MOVING LIGHT, ATTACKS
ABDUL.



LOCKED IN DEADLY COMBAT, ABDUL SENDS THE NATIVE TO THE GROUND WITH A VICIOUS BLOW.



AT THE SAME TIME HASSAN CARRIES OUT HIS PART OF THE PLAN...



TO ARMS! TO ARMS! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED FROM THE NORTH!



AHA! ANOTHER INFIDEL FOR THE BIRDS OF PREY!



QUICKLY ABDUL WHIPS THE LOADED CAMELS INTO THE DESERT...



THE CAMELS! THEY MUST BE STOPPED! MY GUNS! MY UPRISING! IT WILL BE RUINED!



NOT SO FAST, KARU-BALI! I HAVE A LITTLE SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU FIRST!



SO! IT IS YOU, ABDUL! YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE!



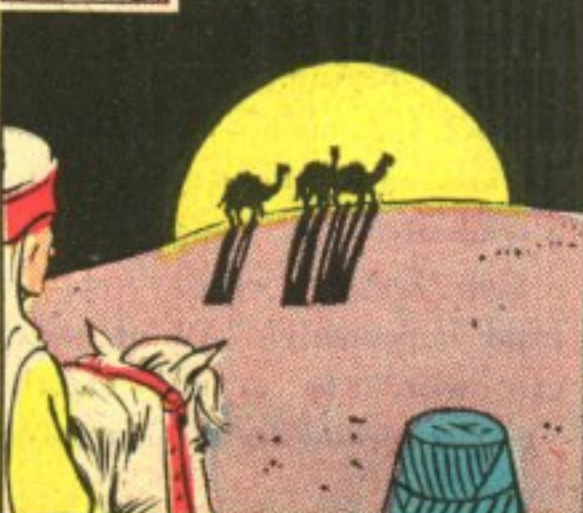
BUT KARU-BALI IS NO MATCH FOR THE SUPERIOR STRENGTH OF ABDUL.



MAY THE GODS FORGIVE YOU. NOW TO GET THOSE CAMELS!



A SHORT TIME LATER ABDUL AND HASSAN OVERTAKE THE CAMELS.



NOW THE TRIBES CAN LIVE IN PEACE! I'LL TURN THESE RIFLES OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT!



DON'T FAIL TO SEE ABDUL'S NEXT GREAT ADVENTURE IN **SMASH COMICS**

VANISHING GOLD

By Robert M. Hyatt

Heat simmered up from the blasted crags in a pall of dust-flame. The two occupants of the plane sweltered and watched the dun landscape under them unroll slowly.

Nepal! Land of mystery, of intrigue, of sudden, violent death! Nepal the enigma country. It wanted no part of the outside world. It wanted nothing of Occidental civilization. It wanted only to be let alone.

Jimmy Christian looked down at the forbidding terrain and wondered how the Nepalese would accept him. It didn't matter much. He wanted only pictures—movies. He meant to get them, too!

"How far yet?" he asked Simms, the pilot.

"Ninety miles maybe—less than an hour."

Jimmy was glad of that. It would be good to stretch one's legs after the long flight. It would be nice to visit his uncle, Horace Enright, who owned a large gold mine in the Nepal hills. Jimmy hadn't seen him in over three years.

Horace Enright. The Colonel he was often called. Strange chap, Jimmy recalled. He had almost dropped out of sight. Hadn't written home in a couple of years. There was considerable mystery about the Colonel. The Nepalese government had once threatened to banish him out of the country. Smuggling, it was said. Or the removal of sacred relics from a temple. Jimmy didn't remember which.

The plane dipped and went into a long glide. Jimmy saw that they were approaching a ragged little airport that nestled on his uncle's estate. They hit the bumpy runway and taxied to a stop.

The large, rambling house stood fifty yards up a slope. Jimmy saw his uncle ease himself out of a chair on the verandah and stride toward the plane. In a moment they were pumping hands and exchanging greetings.

"You got here just in time," was the Colonel's first words, nodding his big, grizzled head. "You're sup-



posed to be somebody at cracking mysteries, aren't you?"

"Wait a minute!" grinned Jimmy. "I can't imagine any mystery baffling you for long, Uncle Horace," he said. "What's the big puzzle? I came up here to shoot pictures and maybe get a yarn for a syndicate."

Col. Enright waved a brown hand imperiously. "All of which can wait," he stated bluntly. "You're working for me first. After that—"

"All right, Uncle, you win! Let's have the details."

The Colonel settled himself deeper in the big chair and tapped tobacco into his atrocious pipe.

"A year or so ago," he began, "I had some trouble with the government. Word got out at the mine that I'd copped some trifles from a temple and shipped 'em into India. Made a fair profit, too. But a certain element amongst the natives took my little prank to heart; said I'd insulted their religion."

"Did you return the relics?" Jimmy asked.

"What do you think?" Col. Enright said wryly. "To have done so would have made me look like a chump to them. Anyway, soon afterwards we began losing a lot of gold—or and nuggets. Every miner is always searched thoroughly before he leaves the diggings. Never found a speck of dust on any of 'em."

"Probably hiding it in the mine," offered Jimmy.

"No. Every nook and cranny was searched. The gold stealing kept up. It's worse now. If it isn't checked soon, I'll have to shut down the mine."

Jimmy Christian regarded his uncle for a moment. Then he grinned.

"You're on, Unc! I think solving your little mystery will be a good story in itself. I'll be starting on it tomorrow."

Col. Enright stuck out his hand. "Good! I knew I could bank on you, youngster. Now go wash off the travel stains and we'll have dinner. Got some prime woodcock."

At dawn, the Nepalese hills were golden. Far to the south sowered the gigantic Himalayas which separated Nepal from India. Toward

them winged Jimmy, with Simms at the controls of the ship.

For three hours they cruised over the lofty crags and just what he was looking for Jimmy didn't really know. They crossed into India towards late afternoon and then Jimmy sighted something that brought an exclamation from him. Down in a great valley where ran a tiny river, he made out the moving dots of a caravan under way. Now just what would a caravan be carrying down there? he wondered.

Back at the mine next day, Col. Enright conducted Jimmy and Simms through every tunnel and shaft. It was a large mine and the owner employed several hundred men, all Nepalese.

"Well, what do you think?" the colonel asked after they had come up to the surface and were seated in the small office.

Jimmy scratched his lean jaw tentatively. "So far," he replied, "the thing's sorta got me. You say there's only one opening to the surface. That means they have to bring the stuff out that way or—"

"Or what?"

"Or there's another outlet somewhere that you know nothing about."

"Bosh!" snapped the colonel. "I know every corner in this diggings. No; they're bringing the gold to the surface somehow and carting it off."

"But you say every man is searched before he leaves the mine," Jimmy reminded his uncle casually.

Col. Enright coughed significantly. "That's true. On the other hand, I'm not infallible. The rest is up to you, Jimmy me lad."

That night Jimmy made a complete search of the mine accompanied by Simms. With the workers all gone and the machinery stopped the stillness of the great tunnels and drifts was absolute.

"Can almost hear your hair growing down here," said Simms.

"Listen!" cautioned Jimmy. He was bending over a small hole in the end of a tunnel a thousand yards from the main shaft. He stuck his flashlight inside and peered into the dark hole.

"Can't see anything but I swear I can hear a rumbling sound. Take a listen, Simms."

The pilot did so, nodding. "Sounds like a train running slowly," he reported.

"Unhunh," Jimmy replied softly. "I've got a hunch, Simms."

At dawn the next day Jimmy ordered the plane warmed up and



while its motors were idling, Col. Enright sauntered down to the landing field.

"Up early, eh, Jimmy?" he greeted his nephew. "What's the program?"

"First thing," said Jimmy, "is some dynamite."

"Dynamite!" exclaimed the older man. "What the dickens for?"

"Going to change the course of things," answered Jimmy flippantly. "Need about a hundred pounds."

Col. Enright ordered a case of explosive stored in the plane.

"Come along, Uncle," Jimmy

called out as he climbed aboard the big Douglass.

In a moment they were circling over a small lake about a mile above the mine, and as they flew Jimmy explained part of his theory to his uncle. Then he pointed to a deep canyon on the opposite side of the mountain and spoke to Simms. At the proper time Simms kicked the box of explosive loose. A few seconds later there was a terrific detonation. Circling back, they could see the lake's waters gushing in a flood through a newly made crevice and roaring into the dry canyon.

Col. Enright looked puzzled. "I confess I still don't quite get it," he said.

Jimmy grinned. "Ever wonder where the water in this lake went to?" he asked.

"Underground river, I imagine. Lots of 'em in this country. Why?"

"Such a river runs under your mine, Uncle. I discovered it last night."

"You mean—" began the colonel.

"Just this," said Jimmy. "Your thieving miners found a hole into the river from one of the tunnels. They simply loaded rafts with the ore and let them drift down the river into India. Remember the caravan I told you we saw on the other side? They were toting your gold off to market."

Col. Enright muttered something under his breath. "Ah, I see it now," he said. "That lake fed the river. You diverted its water. Clever, Jimmy, clever. A river's no good without water."

"Right!" Jimmy said. "A story's no good without a story. This makes a pretty good one for my syndicate, eh? And I did get pictures with it."

Read **THE GOD MASK**
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE
OF SMASH COMICS ON SALE OCT. 18TH

KIDDING THE KIDS

by
ARTHUR SEEMAN

AS A LAST RESORT,
SPUD ALWAYS GETS
THE MASCOT TO
RUN INTERFERENCE
FOR HIM!

THERE NOW!
I GUESS THAT'S
TELLING THE BIG
BUM I'M NOT
AFRAID OF
HIM!

YOU DON'T
THINK FOR A
MINUTE I'D BE
DOING THIS IF
MY MOTHER
WASN'T
HOME!

IT NEVER DOES
ME ANY GOOD TO
YELL WHEN I GET
SPANKED -- MY
OLD MANS' DEAF
AS A POST!

THIS QUARTER'S NO
GOOD -- IT WON'T
RING --

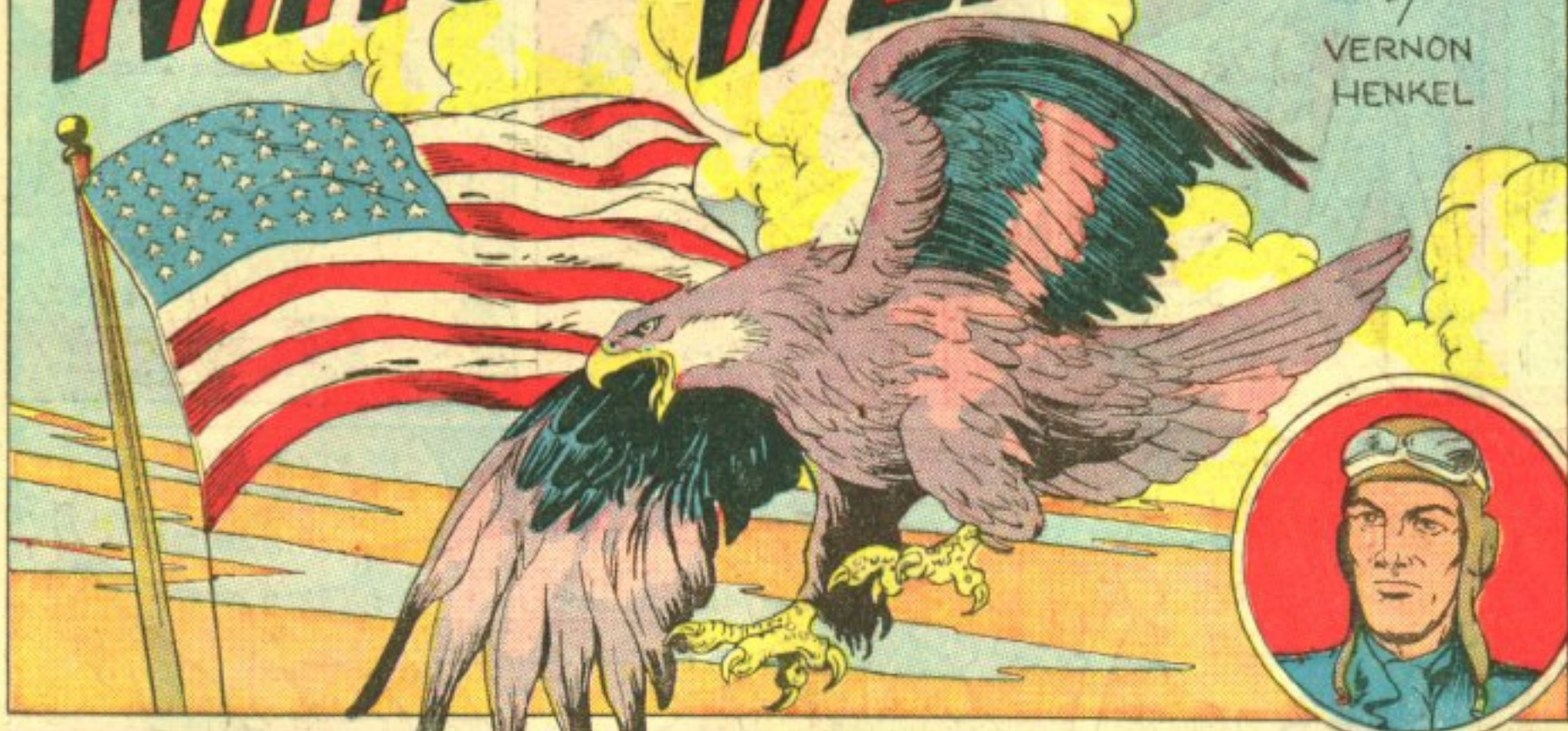
WHAT DO
YOU EXPECT
FOR
TWO BITS?
CHIMES?

NOW TELL
ME, WILBUR,
WHICH MONTH
HAS TWENTY
EIGHT DAYS?

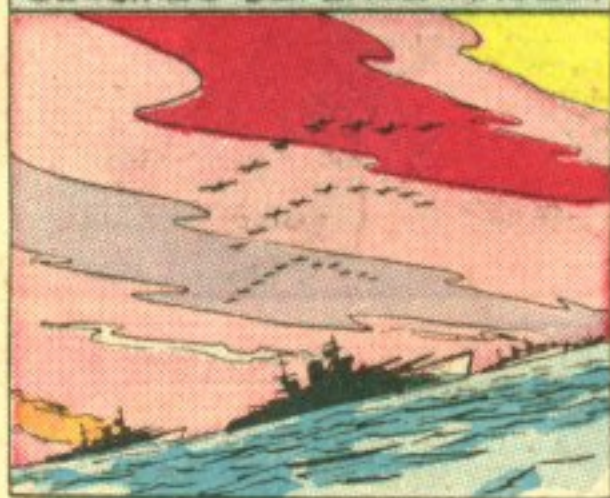
THEY ALL
HAVE,
TEACHER!

WINGS WENDALL

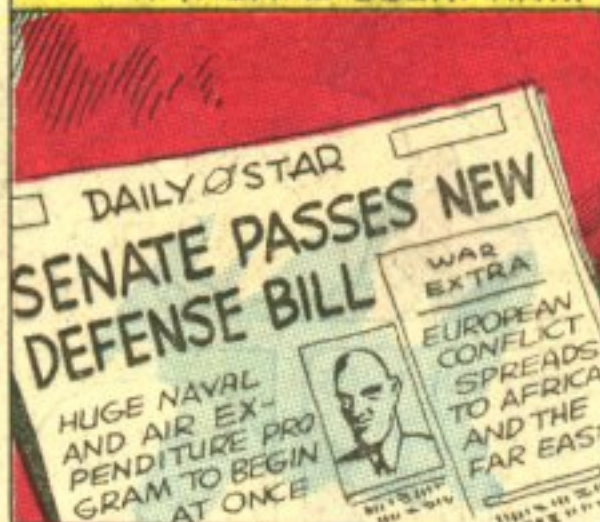
by
VERNON
HENKEL



AMERICA RE-ARMS!
WITH FOREIGN NATIONS
UPSET BY MILITARY ACTIVITY
THE UNITED STATES
BECOMES DEFENSE MINDED.



BILLIONS ARE THROWN
INTO A FUND THAT WILL
CREATE A SATISFACTORY
NATIONAL BULWARK...



BUT BLOCKING PREPAREDNESS
IS THAT OMINOUS FORCE..
THE FIFTH COLUMN..



SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK CITY

FOLLOWERS, THE UNITED
STATES SHALL NOT
REMAIN A NEUTRAL! TOO
MANY ARE IN SYMPATHY
WITH OUR WARRING
ENEMY.. OUR SILENT
FIGHT BEGINS
HERE!



OUR NATION MUST BE
SUPREME! SO WE REALLY
ARE AT WAR WITH THIS
NEUTRAL UNITED STATES...
WE WILL CRUSH IT JUST
AS WE WILL OUR ENEMY
OF EUROPE!!



THUS THE SECRET
ORGANIZATION BEGINS
ITS NATIONAL ASSAULT
FROM WITHIN...



NIGHT..A TALL SHABBILY CLOTHED MAN ENTERS AN EAST SIDE CAFE...



I TELL YA MY PARENTS' HOMELAND ARMY WILL WIPE UP EUROPE IN A HURRY! WHEN MY FATHER WAS IN THE ARMY OVER THERE...



THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT!

A NOISY PATRON "SOUNDS OFF" ON THE EUROPEAN SITUATION...

HEY! READ THAT SIGN...NO WAR DISCUSSIONS!



HA! HA! YA'LL TALK ABOUT IT PLENTY WHEN YA HAFTA GET IN IT!

HMM.. BET HE'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST... TRYING TO START SOME TROUBLE!



SUDDENLY TWO ANGRY PATRONS ATTACK THE PROPRIETOR..



SO THAT'S IT! REGULATIONS WON'T STOP ME FROM JOINING IN HERE!

SWELL! WHAT A SOCK!

IF YOU GUYS ARE SO STRONG.. JUST RECOVER FROM THIS ONE!



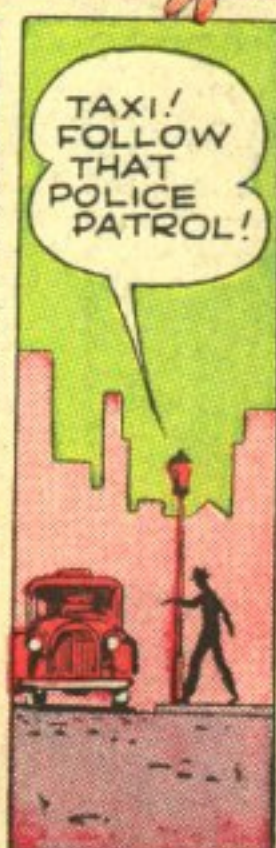
CALL THE COPS, PROPRIETOR!



C'MON...GET IN...THIS LITTLE RIDE WILL COOL THE FIGHT OFF YOU GUYS... STEP ON IT!!

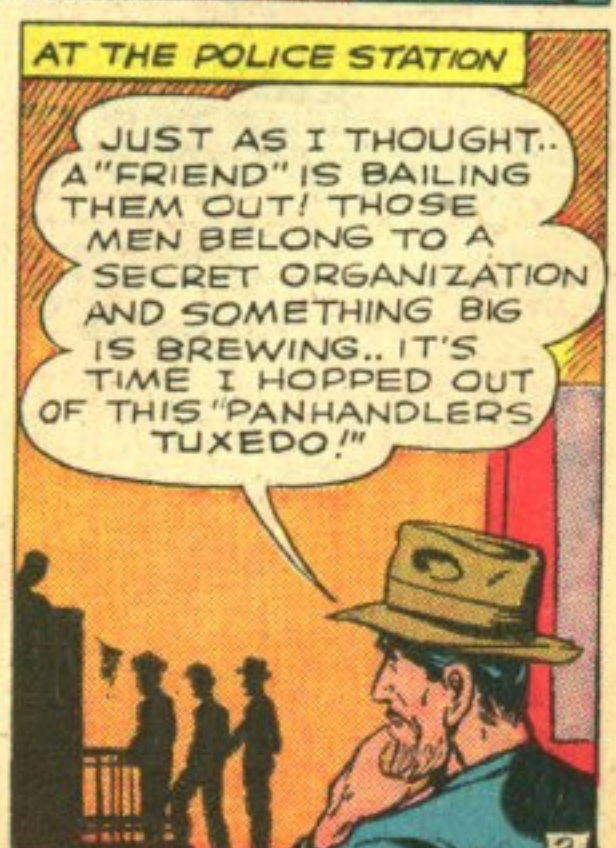


TAXI! FOLLOW THAT POLICE PATROL!



AT THE POLICE STATION

JUST AS I THOUGHT.. A "FRIEND" IS BAILING THEM OUT! THOSE MEN BELONG TO A SECRET ORGANIZATION AND SOMETHING BIG IS BREWING.. IT'S TIME I HOPPED OUT OF THIS "PANHANDLER'S TUXEDO!"



IN A SECLUDED HOTEL ROOM

BOY! IT'S GOOD TO KNOCK THESE WHISKERS OFF AND GET BACK IN UNIFORM ...NOW TO MAKE A "SOCIAL CALL" ON SOME **VERY** UN-AMERICAN CITIZENS



IN THE GARB OF AN ARMY OFFICER, CAPTAIN WINGS WENDALL OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HURRIES INTO THE STREET...

I HOPE THEY GAVE THE POLICE THEIR RIGHT ADDRESS...



THERE THEY ARE.. THEY HAVE A VISITOR TOO!

BOYS, THE LEADER DIDN'T LIKE YOUR LITTLE SCENE TONIGHT!



GETTING PINCHED WASN'T SMART.. BY NOW YOU HAVE PROBABLY ATTRACTED EVERY U.S. AGENT IN THE CITY.. BAD.. **VERY** BAD!

B.BUT.. WE ARE SORRY WE..



OUR WORK IS TOO VALUABLE TO HAVE LOOSE TONGUED DUMB HEADS CLACKING.. YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR BETRAYING YOUR OATH!

OH-NO! NO!



A CRASH SPLITS THE AIR.. WINGS HURTTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND DROPS THE GUNMAN..

UGHH!

TISK TISK! DON'T POINT A GUN!

OH! I'M SHOT!



NOW! ARE YOU GOING TO TELL WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, OR DO I BEAT YOU SENSELESS!

WE WERE PLANNING TO TAKE OVER ALL EASTERN CITIES..



NEW YORK AND OTHER "KEY CITIES" WOULD BE TAKEN OVER BY OUR BLACK TROOPS AT A SIGNAL.. ONLY COLONEL PUGET KNOWS WHEN TO STRIKE!

PUGET, EH? I'VE GOT TO WARN HEAD-QUARTERS !!



AT THE SECRET NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE...

I KNOW YOUR STORY SOUNDS LIKE A CRACK POT'S NIGHTMARE, WENDALL... BUT WE'LL TAKE NO CHANCES IN KEY CITIES!

IF WE COULD ONLY FIND PUGET!

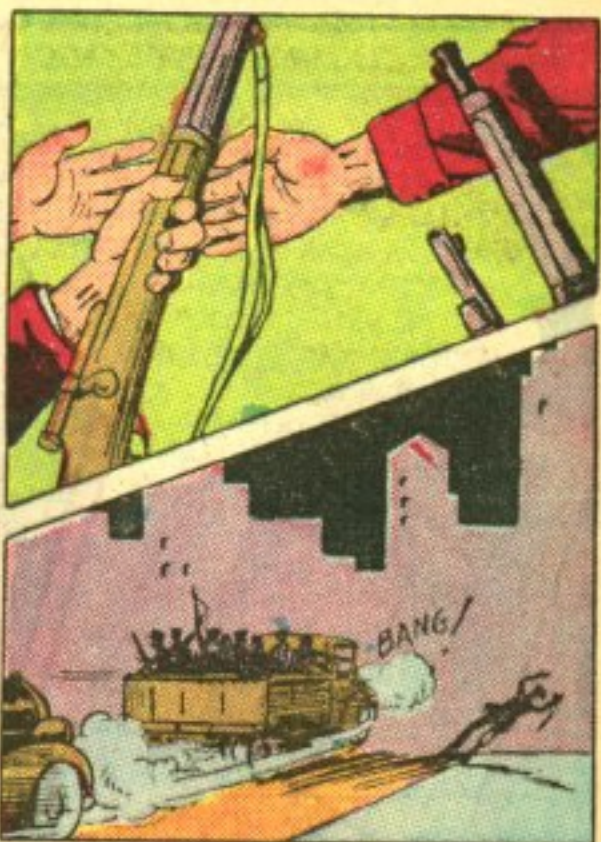


IN ANOTHER PART
OF NEW YORK CITY..

THE HOUR IS
AT HAND,
COMRADES, WE
MUST STRIKE
AT ONCE!

..OUR TROOPS WILL ENTER
THE CITIES OF THE
EASTERN SEABOARD
IN A MASS...THEIR
CONTROL WILL BE
HANDED OVER TO OUR
AGENTS! RESISTANCE
WILL BE WEAK, AS
OUR BLACK TROOPS
ARE SUPERIOR IN
BOTH NUMBERS AND
EQUIPMENT...

OUR
DAY
HAS
COME!



HEAVENS, WENDALL!
THEY'VE STRUCK!
ARMED MEN ARE
SHOOTING DOWN
THE POLICE..THERE'S
A RIOT AT
TIMES SQUARE!

THROUGHOUT A NIGHT OF STARK
TERROR, THE REVOLTISTS
GAIN CONTROL OF
EASTERN CITIES...

**BOSTON,
NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA
INVADED!**

WASHINGTON
DECLARES MARTIAL
LAW... NATIONAL GUARD
TO MARCH ON CITIES!

COLONEL PUGET HAS
PLANNED THIS COUP TO
A SECOND..I'VE ORDERED
LARGE DETACHMENTS
OF ARMY AND NAVY TO
HOLD OUR COAST
AGAINST FOREIGN
LANDINGS!

AT THE CRACK OF DAWN
THE UNITED STATES NAVY
PATROLS THE EASTERN
COAST...

THE SITUATION IS BAD,
WINGS! CIVIL AUTHORITY
IS NEARLY WIPED OUT..
PUGET IS TAKING OVER
THE CONTROL OF
INDUSTRIES!

I GET IT! HE'S
PLANNING TO
SEND OUR FOOD
AND MUNITIONS TO
HIS HOMELAND!

THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. RECEIVES A PRE-POSTEROUS DEMAND...

MR. PRESIDENT.. WE WANT YOUR NAVY TO CONVOY SHIPMENT OF WAR MATERIALS TO EUROPE. THIS IS VITAL TO OUR CAUSE! FAILURE TO COMPLY WILL MEAN THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF YOUR COUNTRY! -Puget

WE'RE TO GET OUT OF NEW YORK AT ONCE THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US.. ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON!

CHIEF, I WANT YOUR CONSENT TO STAY HERE

PUGET IS OPERATING FROM THIS CITY.. AND HE IS CONTROLLING THIS WHOLE MAD SCHEME... THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SMASH IT.. I'M GOING TO GET HIM!

AND WINGS DARINGLY TAKES UP THE TRAIL OF THE FOREIGN LEADER

BLACK TROOPS EVERYWHERE! BUT MAYBE I'LL MAKE IT!

HALT!

IT DOESN'T PAY TO MISS SOLDIER!

THOSE SHOTS WILL BRING DOZENS OF 'EM!

AT THE HUDSON RIVER PIERS...

HURRY! LOAD THAT ARMS SHIPMENT.. WE MUST BE READY TO SAIL IN ONE HOUR!

EXCELLENCY, THE UNITED STATES FLEET IS ENTERING THE HARBOR.. THEY AGREE TO CONVOY OUR SHIPMENTS!

THAT IS GOOD! WE WILL BE UNDER WAY BEFORE THEIR ARMY CAN ENGAGE US!

OUTSIDE COLONEL PUGET'S HEADQUARTERS..



NOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR ESTEEMED LEADER!



HOLD IT, PUGET!

WHO ARE YOU?



CAPTAIN WENDALL OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY INTELLIGENCE! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.. I'M TAKING YOU IN!



YOU ARE A COURAGEOUS BUT FOOLHARDY AMERICAN! THIS BUILDING IS SURROUNDED BY A RING OF STEEL.. YOU WON'T GET OUT ALIVE!



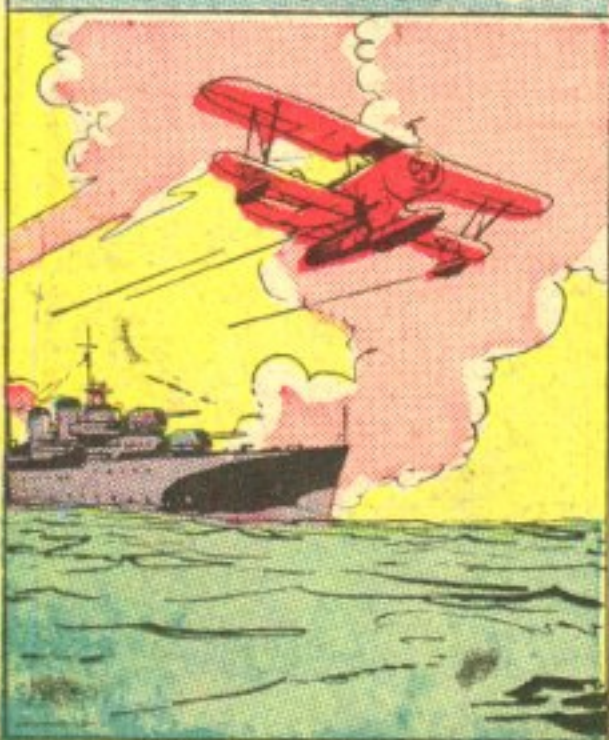
I'M GOING OUT.. AND YOU'RE GOING WITH ME!



NOW, TELL YOUR LAME-BRAINS TO SEND FOR A SEAPLANE.. ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU DIE!



A SEAPLANE FROM A U.S. CRUISER IS CALLED ASHORE BY WIRELESS..



SHOOT HIM, FOOLS! DON'T MIND ME.. MY MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED THOSE CARGO SHIPS ARE READY TO SAIL!!

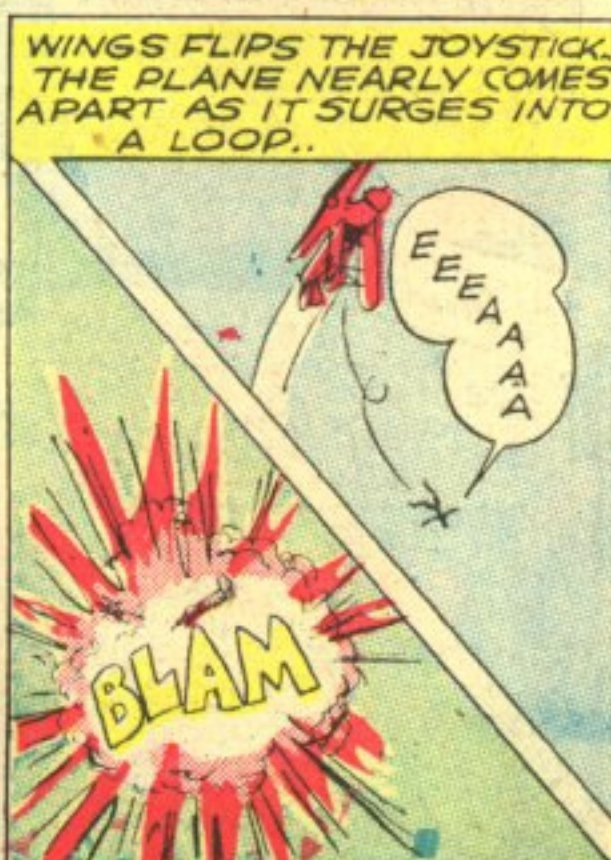
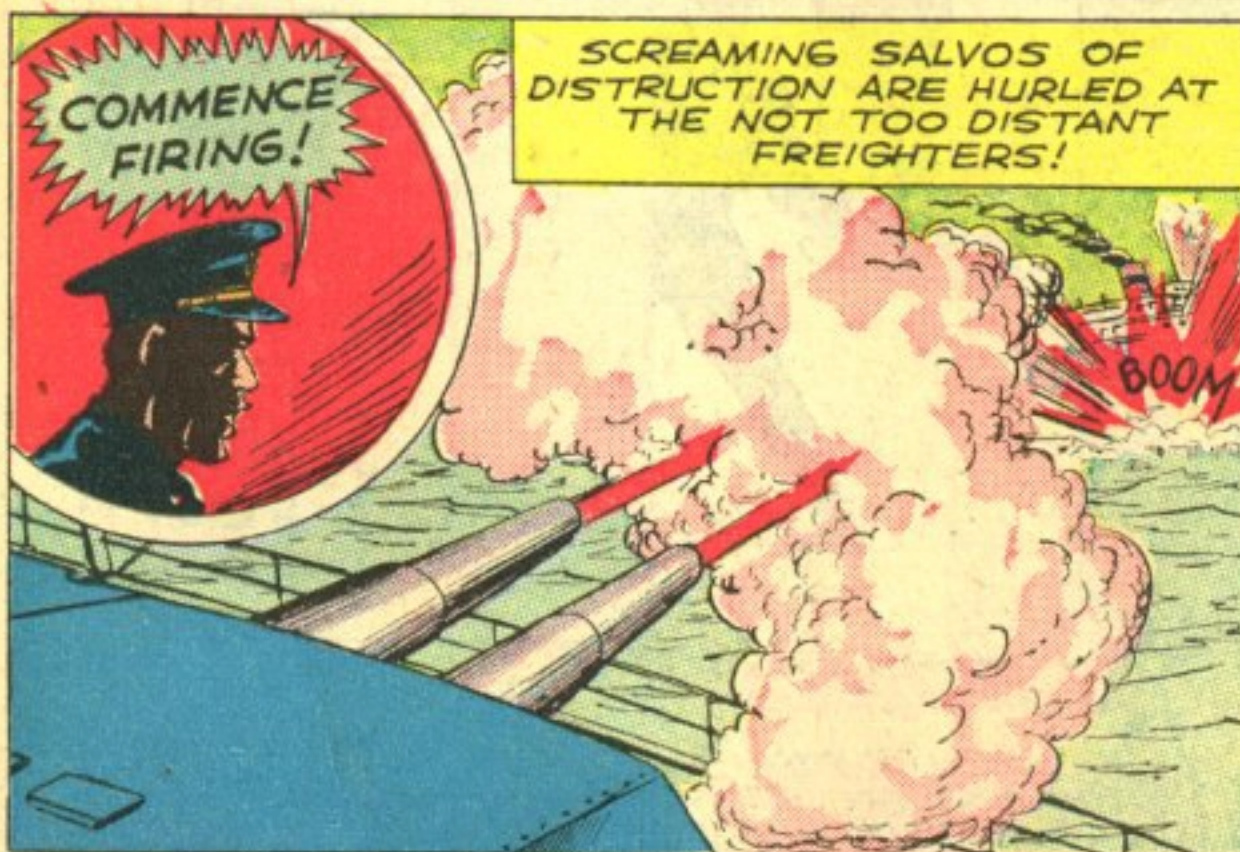
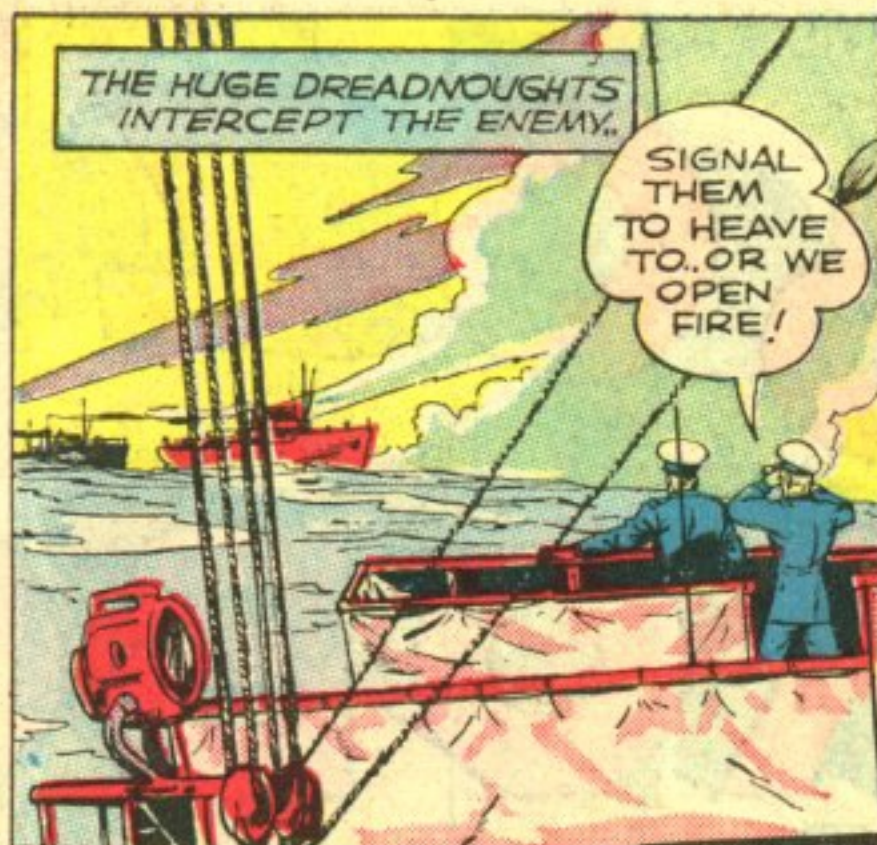


GET INTO THAT PLANE!

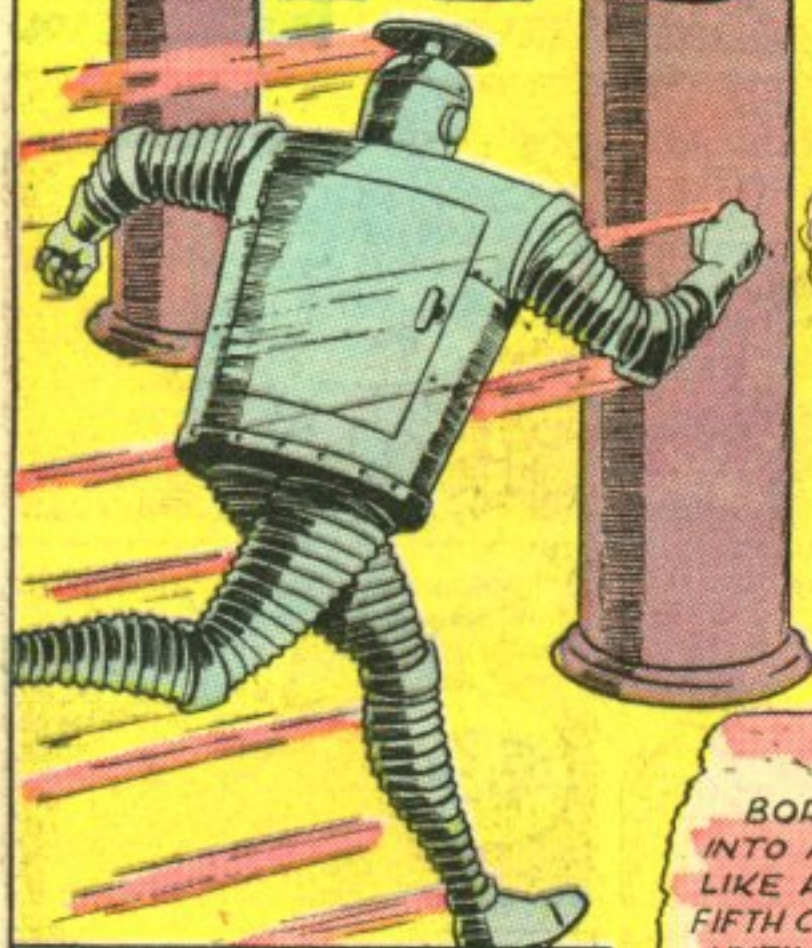
THE FRIGHTENED BLACK TROOPS HESITATE TO SHOOT IN PUGET'S DIRECTION...

BEFORE I DROP YOU OFF, YOU'RE GOING TO SEE AN INTERESTING DEMONSTRATION !!





BOZO THE ROBOT



by
WAYNE REID.

MIDNIGHT—AND A SEEMINGLY DESERTED HOUSE, WRAPPED IN GLOOM, STANDS ISOLATED IN A CITY'S OUTSKIRTS—

BORING ITS WAY INTO AMERICAN LIFE LIKE A TERMITE, THE FIFTH COLUMN FLOURISHES—UNTIL IT CLASHES WITH HUGH HAZZARD AND HIS INCOMPARABLE IRON MAN, BOZO —

THEN WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

TORTURE HIM, TURGIN, THAT WILL LOOSEN HIS TONGUE!



INSIDE THE HOUSE—

COMRADES! WE HAVE GONE THIS FAR—ARE WE TO BE STOPPED BECAUSE A LOYAL FOOL REFUSES TO TALK!

NO!

NO!

YES—SSS—A GRAND IDEA, HAVE THE PRISONER BROUGHT IN!



AND GOVERNMENT AGENT
BILL SEARS IS TAKEN FROM
THE CELL WHERE HE IS
IMPRISONED--



SEARS, WE'LL GIVE YOU
ONE MORE CHANCE TO TALK--
WHO IS CARRYING THE
STATISTICS ON THE
FIGHT AGAINST THE
FIFTH COLUMNS?



DON'T BE STUBBORN, MY
FRIEND, FOR THE FEW WORDS
WE SEEK, WE'LL MAKE
YOU A RICH MAN,
EVERYTHING---



I'LL DIE BEFORE I'LL
BETRAY MY COUNTRY TO
YOU HUMAN SNAKES-- NOW,
DO WHAT YOU
WILL AND
BE---



THE
PATRIOTIC
FOOL--GO
TO WORK
ON HIM!



SPEAK!
OR I'LL
STRIP
YOUR
BODY OF
ITS SKIN--

GO AHEAD--I
CAN ONLY STAND
SO MUCH AND
THEN I'LL FAINT AND
I WON'T FEEL
ANYTHING!



THE GOVERNMENT MAN GRITS
HIS TEETH AS THE KNIFE
DARES HIS CHEST--



HE
FAINTED!

BRING HIM
TO AGAIN!



THEN BATHE THE WOUNDS
IN VINEGAR--THAT
SHOULD MAKE HIM
TALK!



UHAAA!-- I'LL
NEVER---
T-TELL--



UG!

THEN
DIE!



AND THE FIENDISH KNIFE SOON
BRINGS MERCIFUL ESCAPE
FROM THE AGONIZING TORTURE--

H-HE'S----GET
RID OF THE
CORPSE!



MEANWHILE,
THE PLANS FOR
THE FIFTH
COLUMN DEFENSE
ARE ABOUT TO
BE SENT TO
WASHINGTON
BY MESSENGER-



JEFF, I
WISH YOU'D
TAKE ALONG
AN ARMED
GUARD!

NO, CHIEF, IT'S
LESS CONSPICUOUS
THIS WAY-

ANYWAY, WHAT GOOD
DID A GUARD DO BILL
SEARS, THEY GOT HIM-
NO-I'LL GO ALONE,
SO LONG!



I'LL BE ALONE
ALL RIGHT, BUT UNDER
THE WATCHFUL EYE OF
HUGH HAZZARD'S
IRON MAN!



IT WAS A LUCKY
DAY FOR ME WHEN I
CONTACTED HIM, AND HE
SAID HE'D SEE ME
THROUGH MY
TRIP!



I'LL CALL HIM
ON THE RADIO AND TELL
HIM THE ROUTE
I'M TAKING!

THE GOVERNMENT MAN'S MESSAGE
TRAVELS THROUGH SPACE---

-TO THE HOME OF HUGH
HAZZARD, OPERATOR OF THE
FAMOUS IRON MAN---

AT THE SAME TIME IN
THE HIDE-OUT OF THE
FIFTH COLUMN---



JEFF SPARKS CALLING
HUGH HAZZARD---



OKAY, JEFF, I'M
READY FOR INSTRUCTIONS-
SHOOT!



HMMM-



TURGIN!- I KNOW THE
ROUTE THE ONE WHO
CARRIES THE INFORMATION
WE WANT WILL TAKE!

WELL?
SPEAK
UP!



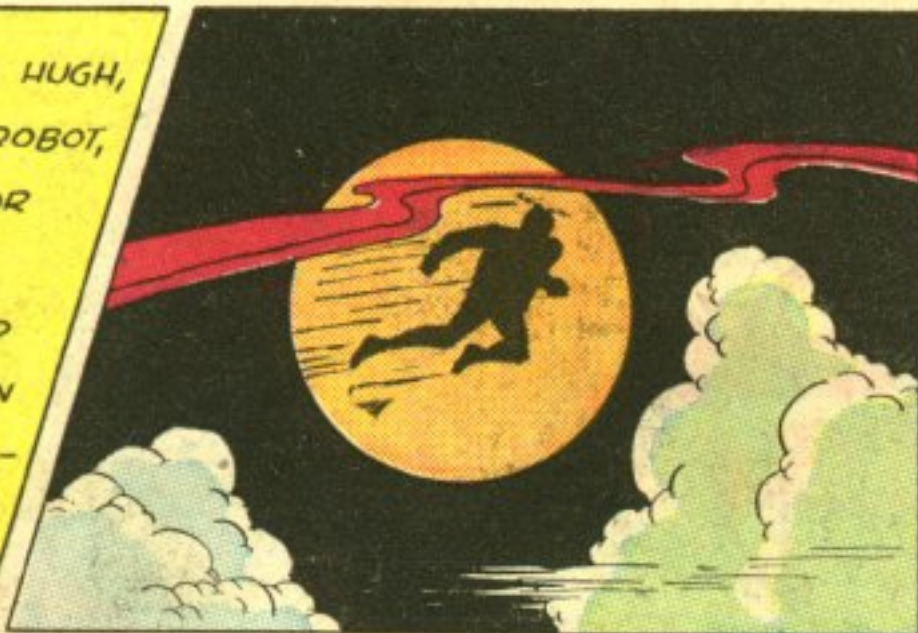
ROUTE 5, OVER
THE CANAL BRIDGE..
THEN ALONG
TEN MILE
ROAD--

ENOUGH!-

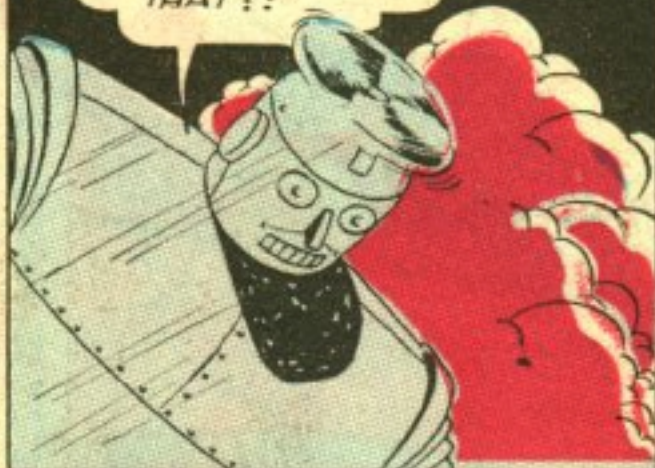


WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO
INTERCEPT THOSE PAPERS
BEFORE HE GETS ANY
FARTHER THAN THAT-
YOU HAVE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS..
GET GOING,
AND DON'T
FAIL!

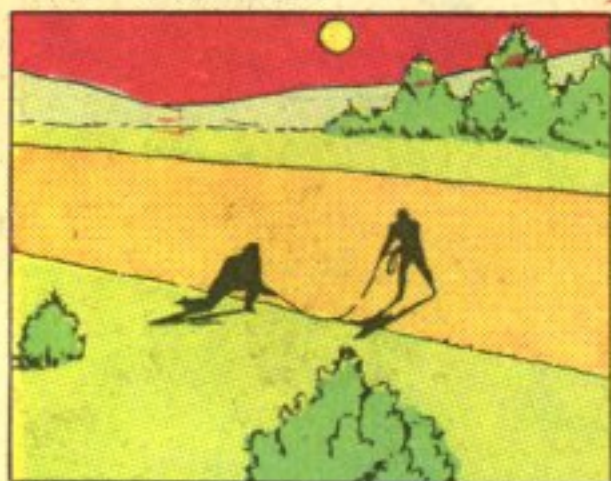
MEANWHILE HUGH,
INSIDE THE ROBOT,
HEADS FOR
ROUTE-5
TO PICK UP
AND FOLLOW
THE GOVERN-
MENT MAN.



THERE'S ROUTE 5,
I GUESS I'M EARLY--
OH-OH!--WHAT'S
THAT??



THE TELESCOPIC EYES OF
THE IRON MAN SPOT TWO MEN
FEVERISHLY AT WORK BY
THE ROADSIDE----



I'LL SOON
FIND OUT
WHAT THEY'RE
UP TO!



OH, SO YOU BIRDS
THINK YOU'RE GOING
TO BLOW UP
THE ROAD, EH?

RUSH
THAT
THING!
BORIS!

YAAA-



DON'T THROW ME,
I'VE GOT--

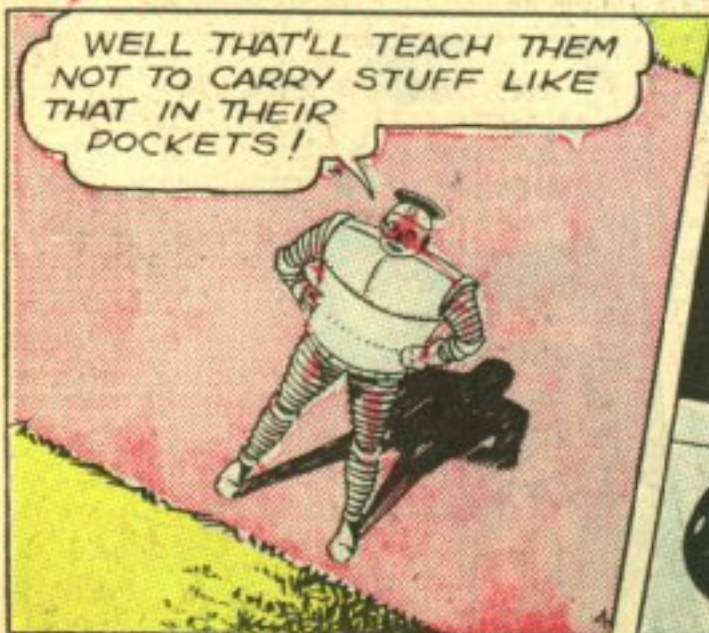


EEYAAAAAA!

HE'S
GOT THE
DYNAMITE
IN HIS
POCKET!



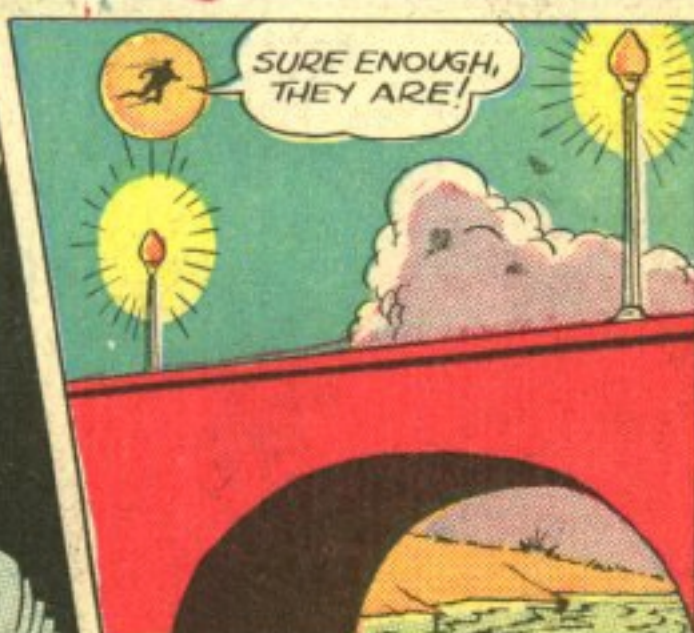
WELL THAT'LL TEACH THEM
NOT TO CARRY STUFF LIKE
THAT IN THEIR
POCKETS!



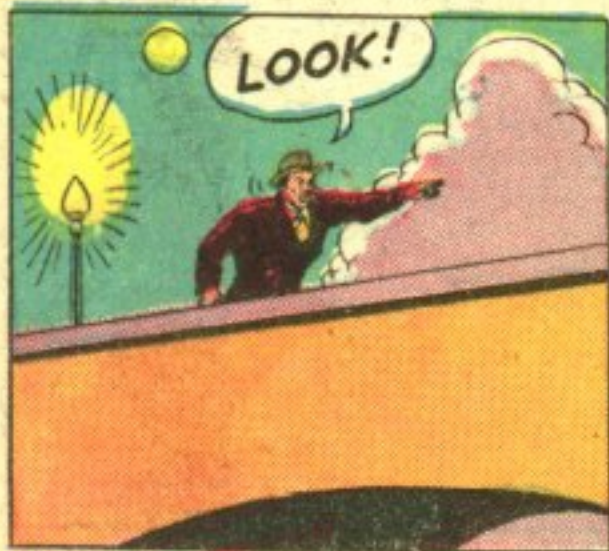
I'D BETTER GET
TO THE BRIDGE,
THIS MOB MAY BE
UP TO SOMETHING
THERE!



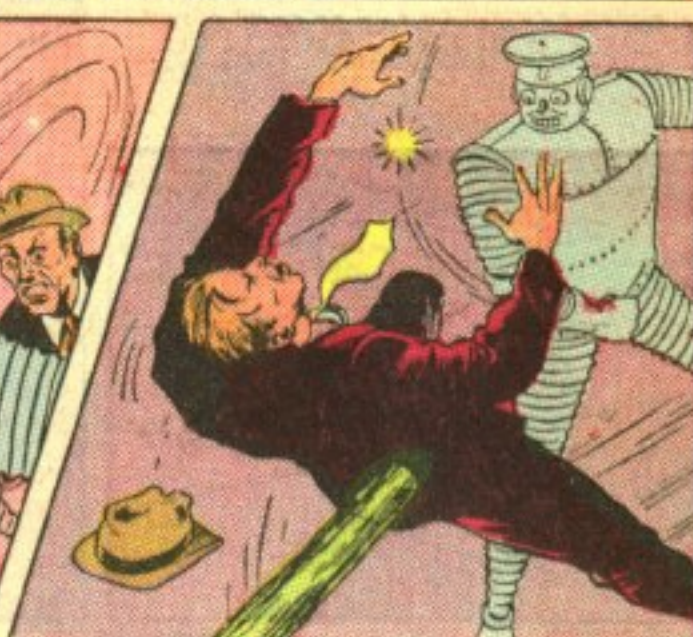
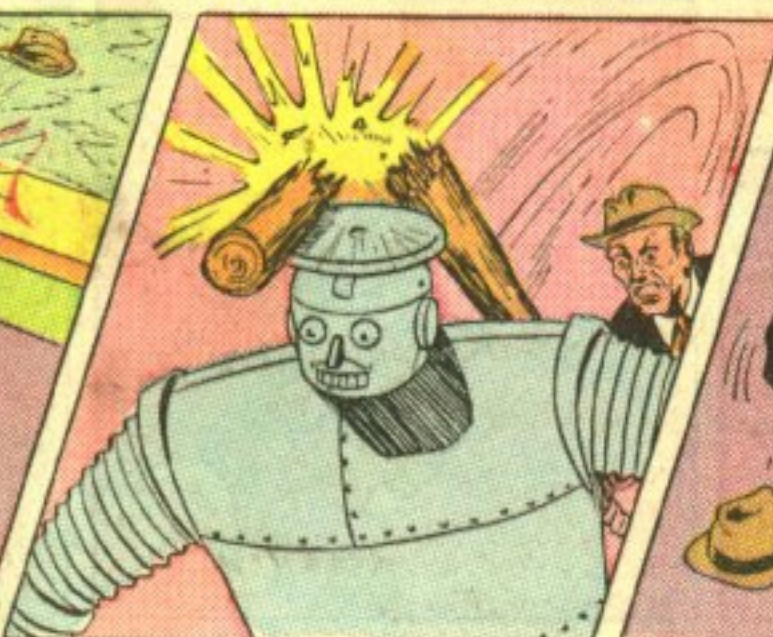
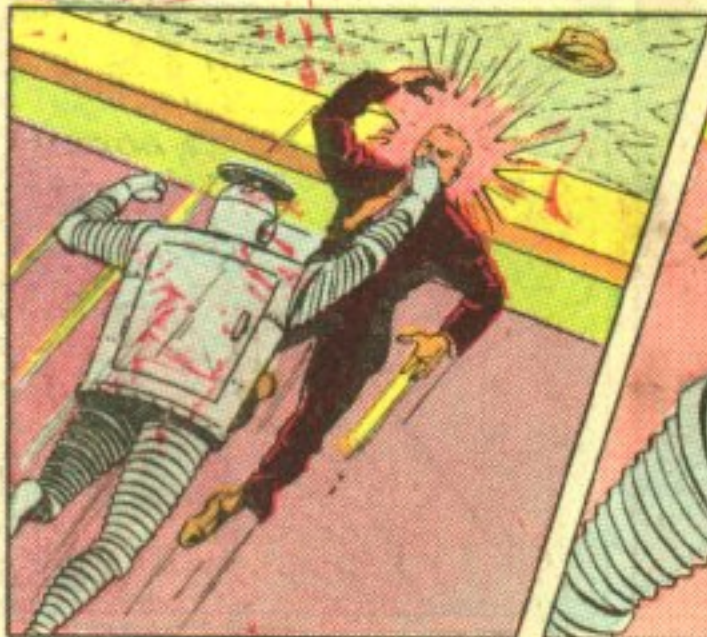
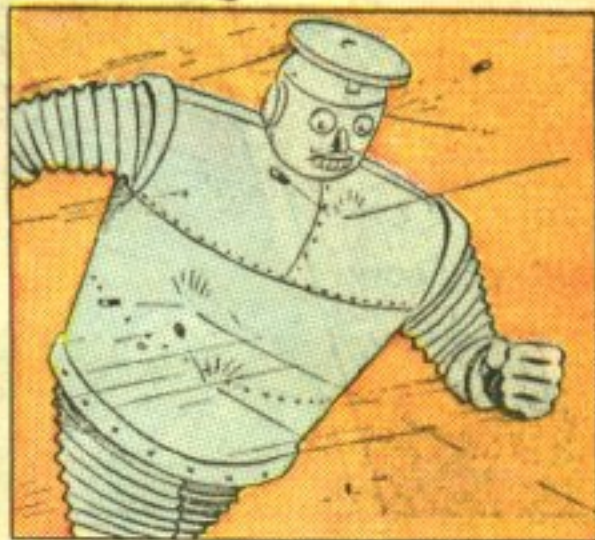
SURE ENOUGH,
THEY ARE!



A LOOKOUT SPIES THE
APPROACHING IRON MAN---

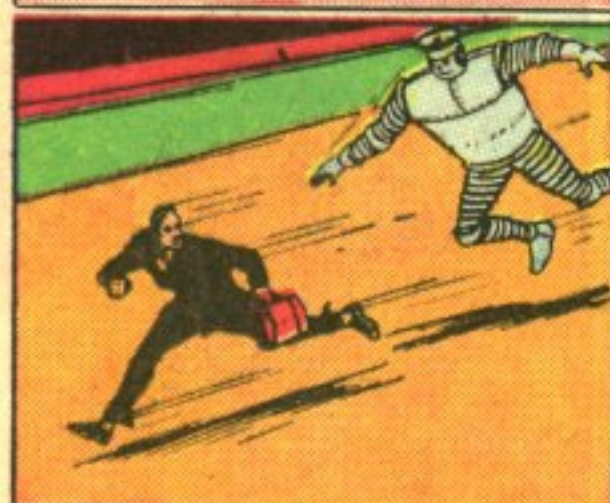


UNHARMED BY THE BULLETS,
BOZO RUSHES AT THE MEN--

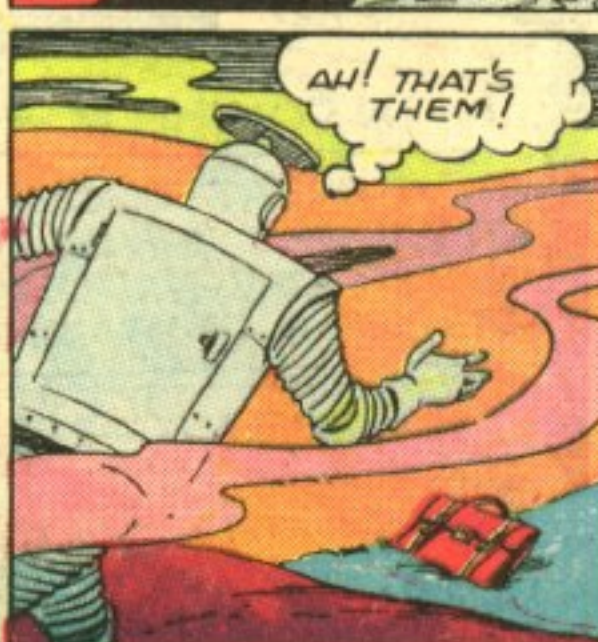
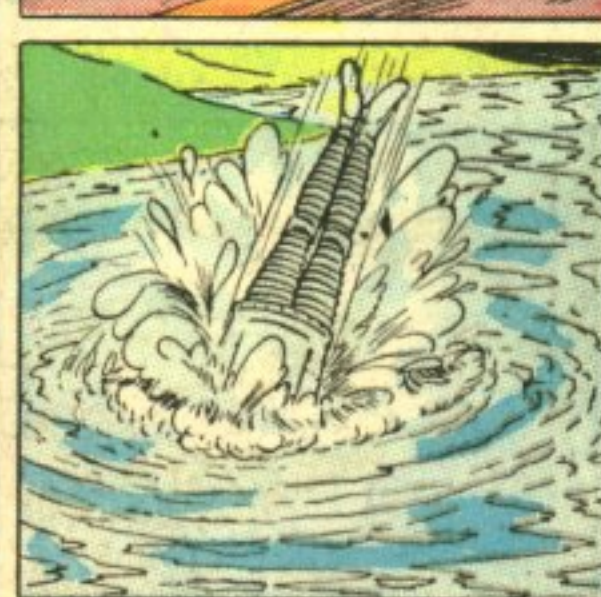
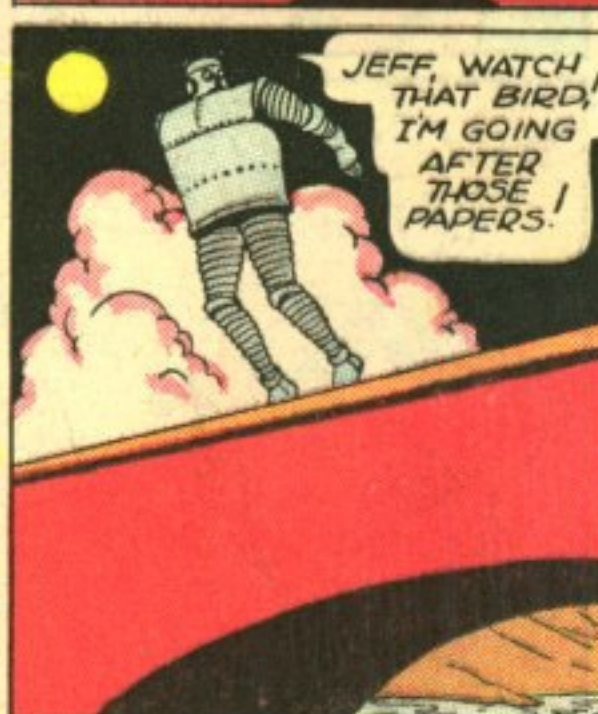
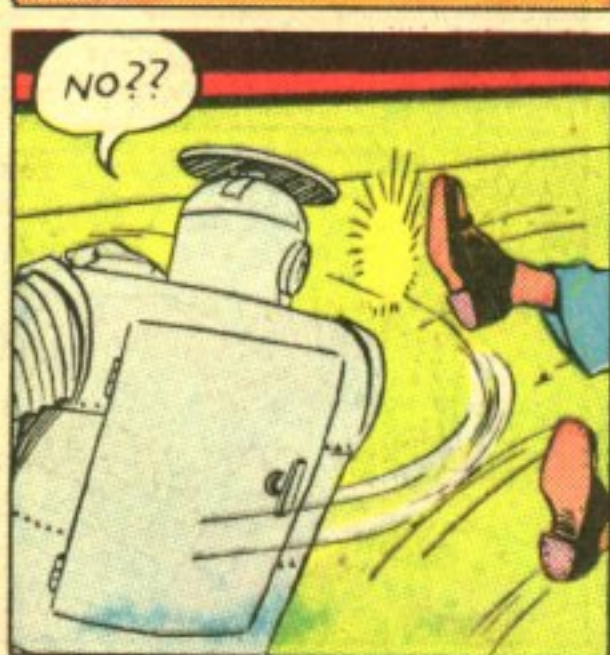


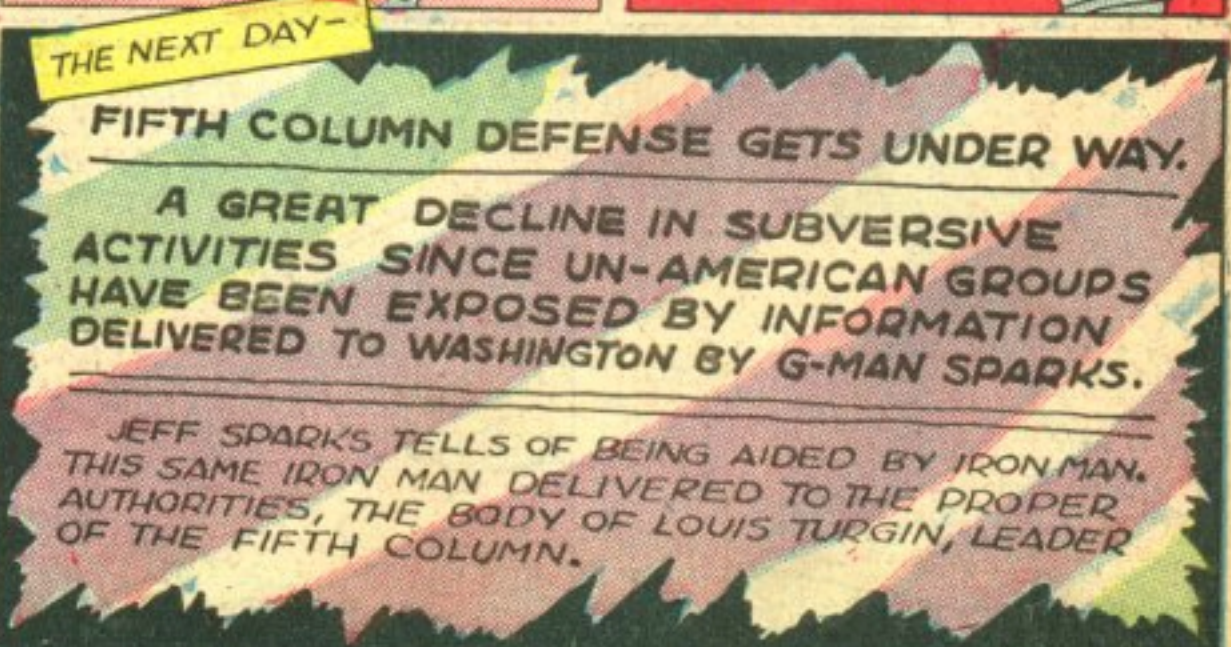
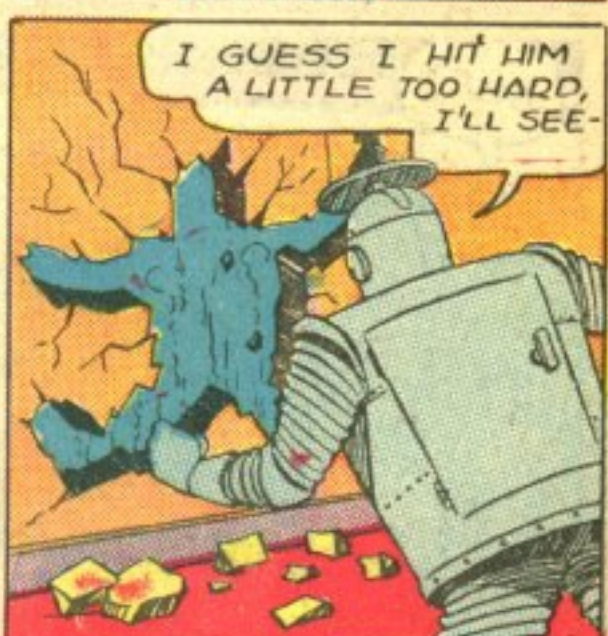
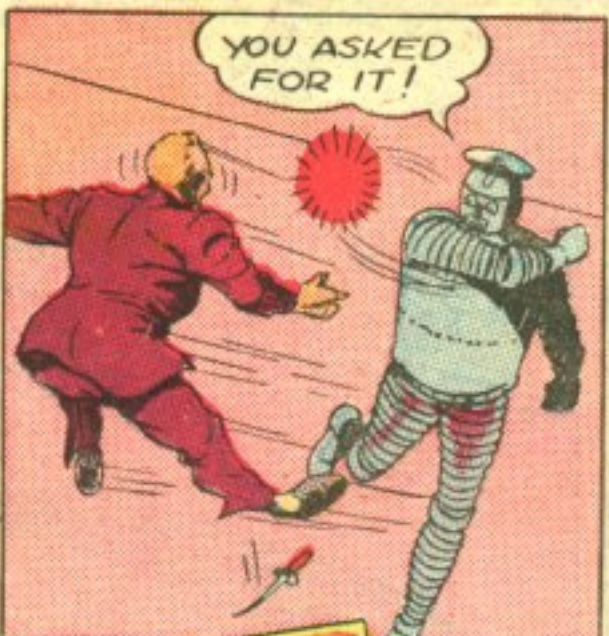
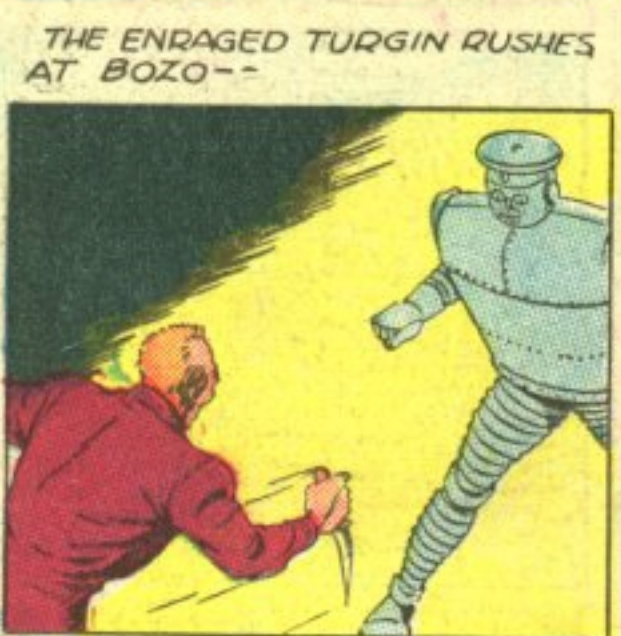
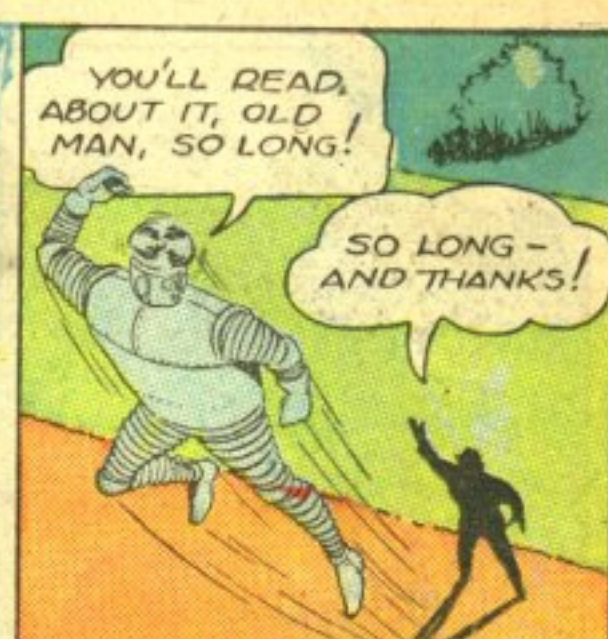
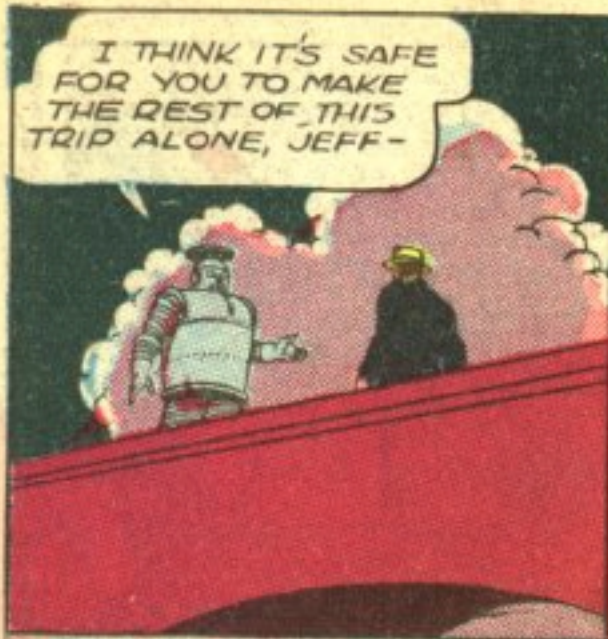


IN A SINGLE LEAP, THE ROBOT IS ON THE FLEEING MAN - - -



AND THE PRECIOUS PAPERS SINK IN THE MUDDY WATERS - - -





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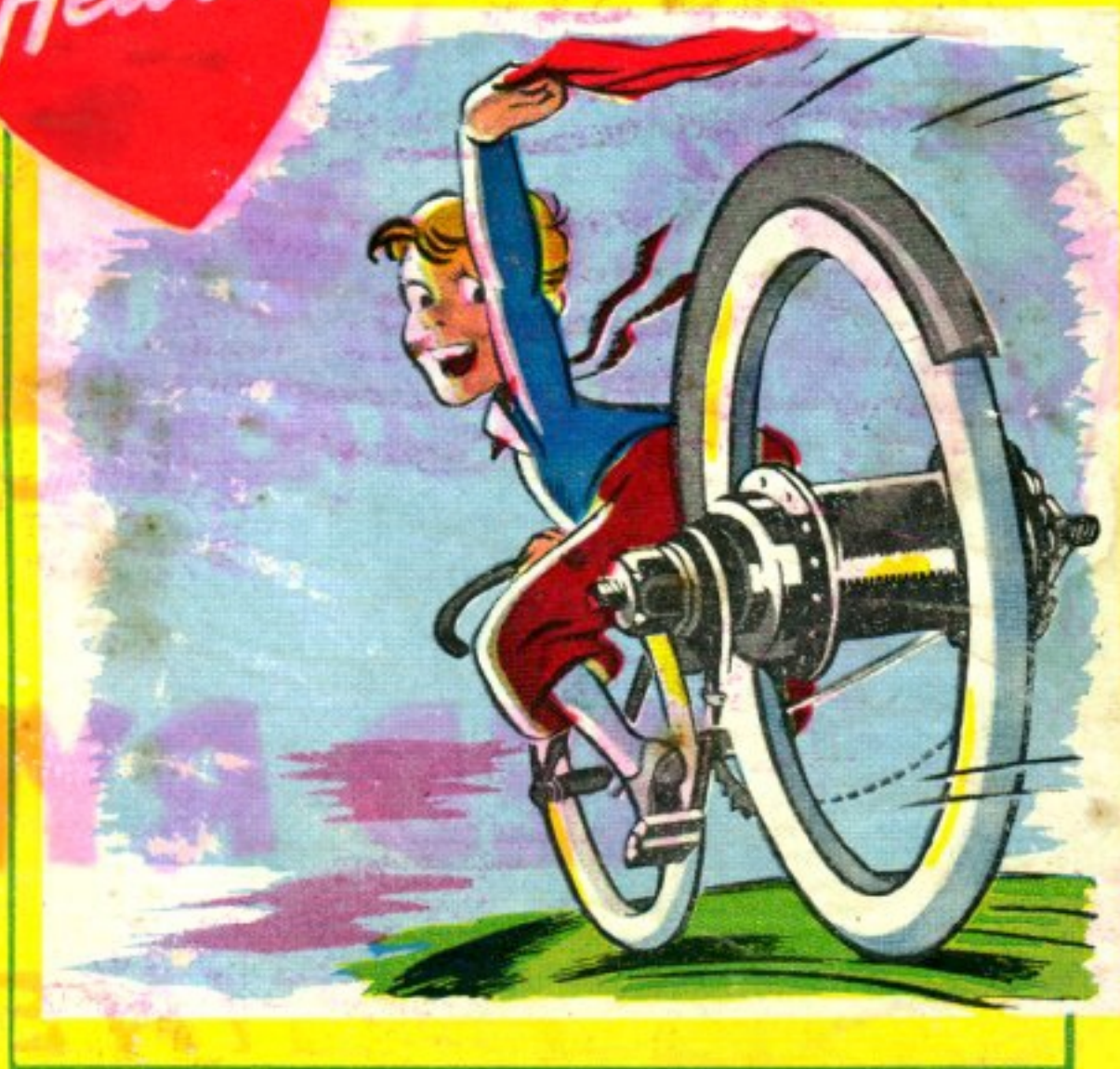
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